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The Outlook

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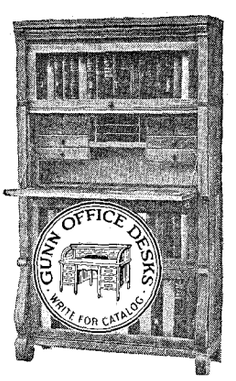

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From the longhand letter *e* rub out everything except the upper part—the circle—and you will have the Paragon E. o

Write this circle at the **beginning** of / and you will have Ed. /

By letting the circle remain **open** it will be a **hook,** and this **hook** stands for **A.** Thus / will be **Ad.** Add another **A** at the end, thus / and you will have a girl's name, **Ada.**

From *a* eliminate the initial and final strokes and *o* will remain, which is the Paragon symbol for **O.**

For the **longhand** *m* , which is made of 7 strokes, you use this **one** horizontal stroke —

Therefore, —o would be **Me.**

Now continue the **E** across the **M,** so as to add **D**—thus / and you will have **Med.** Now add the **large** circle for **O,** and you will have / (medo), which is **Meadow,** with the **silent A** and **W** omitted.

You now have 5 of the characters. There are only 26 in all. Then you memorize 26 simple word-signs, 6 prefix abbreviations and one rule of contractions. That is all.

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The Outlook

JANUARY 2, 1918

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On account of the war and the consequent delays in the mails, both in New York City and on the railways, this copy of The Outlook may reach the subscriber late. The publishers are doing everything in their power to facilitate deliveries

THE PEACE OF VASSALAGE

It is increasingly evident that if peace between Germany and Russia comes from the conference at Brest-Litovsk, it will be a peace of serfdom. Russia, which more than a generation ago abolished serfdom among its own people, must not become the serf of a foreign autocracy. If it is to escape this fate, it is equally imperative that the Russian people throw off the yoke of anarchism under which, so far as Petrograd and Moscow are concerned, it now rests.

There is hope of this—and strong hope—as will be seen from an article elsewhere in this issue of The Outlook by a Russian writer. Just what is developing behind the scenes, so to speak, we cannot tell positively, because our news comes almost entirely through the Lenine faction. There are, however, indications from day to day that the "anti-counter-revolution" is gaining force. General Kaledines and other Russian officers are certainly at the head of troops oppposed to the Bolsheviki. The great country of the Ukraine, with its twenty million inhabitants and its great cities of Odessa and Kiev, has declared its independence. This, of course, is precisely what the Bolshevik Government theoretically approves, but evidently it regards with great distrust the probability that the Ukraine may join forces with the enemies of Lenine.

The peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk, now going on, are attended by delegates from Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey, as well as from Russia and Germany. A peculiarly pro-German rule has been made under which the delegates are to speak on any given subject in the alphabetical order of the names of their countries. Thus Austria, Bulgaria, and Germany will all be heard before Russia has a chance to speak. The proceedings were opened by a long speech from the German Foreign Minister, Dr. von Kühlmann. He talked long, but said nothing. Up to December 26 no agreement was reached between the irreconcilable proposals made before the conference met by Russia and Germany. Trotsky, the so-called Russian Foreign Minister, before the conference spoke very boldly of his determination not to bow the knee (he used that phrase) to the Kaiser. This was after Germany indicated its intention to hold the Russian territory it now occupies, to establish a Lithuania and a Poland which should be nominally free but really German, to take Russia's wheat, and to establish free trade for German goods for fifteen years. No wonder that Trotsky balked! He seems now to be again under Germany's influence. If he expects that Germany will adopt, approve, or tolerate the anarchistic absurdities advocated by him, his eyes will soon be opened.

Meanwhile the much-talked-of German "proposals for peace" have not appeared. Probably no careful student of the situation expected that they would. It is not the first time that German agents have put forth loose talk about forthcoming peace proposals, while official Germany has kept quiet and hoped to profit by such talk. The so-called basis for possible peace reported in despatches, but not emanating from any official source or made over any responsible name, was cleverly worded so as to leave for consideration later everything of vital importance to Germany, and in all other points to give Germany the advantage. Every one will agree with the official statement of our Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, that "the various reports of immediate peace proposals by the Germans on seemingly favorable terms should not for a moment induce us to slacken our preparations for war."

RESTORATION, REPARATION, AND WORLD SECURITY

The British Prime Minister, in a plain, frank statement before the House of Commons on December 20, relaxed in no particular his former declarations as to England's war aims. Now, as before, our great ally stands for restoration of Germany's plunder, reparation for ravaged and devastated countries, and a world security based on the extinction of Prussia's aim of forceful world domination.

Specific declarations that brought out immense enthusiasm were that England did not seek to acquire more territory; that the German colonies might be disposed of by the peace congress, but that Jerusalem never would be restored to the Turks.

Mr. Lloyd George recognized fully the injurious effect of the Russian collapse, and expressed the opinion that if the Russian armies had held firm "by this time the pride of the German military power would have been completely humbled." The need to help Italy called for renewed effort to increase the British armies. As for peace by negotiation, said the Prime Minister, it should always be remembered that a league of nations in which Germany was represented by triumphant militarism would be a hollow farce. Ships were urgently needed. On the other hand, he said, German soldiers and workmen were deteriorating in quality, British permanent losses were only one-fourth or one-fifth of German losses, the losses from submarines had decreased, and ship-building was increasing. He acknowledged that General Byng's splendid dash toward Cambrai had been only a temporary victory, and that there the Germans had their one and only success by surprise; yet the Germans had lost this year on the western line 100,000 prisoners, valuable positions, and hundreds of guns.

There was no note of despondency in Mr. Lloyd George's address. He said that while one great Power (Russia) had gone out, and another (America) had not fully come in, America's advent would loom large in the future. Until then, he said, England and France can and will stand squarely facing the foe.

THE SUGAR SITUATION

Mr. Hoover, the head of the Food Administration, has been criticised by witnesses before a Congressional committee for his handling of the sugar situation. The Outlook reported this fact in its issue of December 26, but voiced the hope that its readers would withhold their decision as to the justification for this criticism until Mr. Hoover himself had had an opportunity to present his own defense.

The Congressional committee investigating the sugar situation is headed by Senator Reed, of Missouri. Mr. Hoover's chief critic has been Mr. Spreckels, a sugar refiner of considerable prominence. Mr. Spreckels has charged that the sugar situation has been dominated to the detriment of the public interests by men representing the American Sugar Refining Company who were closely co-operating with the Food Administration. Mr. Spreckels stated that the price fixed by the Food Administration for unrefined Cuban sugar would necessitate a price to the consumer of ten cents a pound for granulated sugar, a price entirely unjustified by the condition of the sugar market.

On more than one occasion during the progress of Mr. Spreckels's testimony the Food Administration requested an opportunity of presenting its own view of the situation. In each instance the request was denied, on the ground that the

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Food Administration could not be heard until the testimony of the opposition was completed. A representative of the Food Administration was also denied the privilege of cross-examining Mr. Spreckels. During the progress of the investigation Mr. Hoover transmitted to Senator Reed's committee a statement covering his side of the case. The committee refused even to make this statement a part of its record or to authorize its publication.

This hostility to the Food Administration so obviously manifested by Senator Reed resulted in the publication, on December 26, of an official statement by Mr. Hoover, with the sanction of the President himself, embodying the facts which the Chairman of the Senate Committee, Senator Reed, refused to publish after its submission to his committee.

It seems to us that Mr. Hoover's statement proves clearly that the shortage of sugar in this country is due, not to any manipulation for the benefit of any private interest, but to the overwhelming demand on this country by its allies for every ounce of sugar at our disposal. Mr. Hoover gives the figures concerning the shipments abroad, and clearly indicates that the country must prepare to limit its consumption of sugar more stringently in the future if it desires to support its allies in a way in which every obligation of necessity and honor demands. Mr. Hoover stated that "there are no sugar stocks in this country which are not in course of distribution."

Under the present circumstances he showed that there is no other way to prevent profiteering except by the policy which the Food Administration has pursued, namely, the system of voluntary agreement among producers and refiners. The only alternative to limiting our present consumption is to cut down the meager supplies of our allies or to divert shipping now in our transport service to bringing sugar from the distant Java markets. Mr. Hoover stated that if our greed and gluttony forced our allies to reduce their rations or to send ships to distant Java, we will have damaged seriously the war-making powers of the United States.

Mr. Hoover's statement is a convincing one. It shows up in unpleasant relief the manner and methods which Senator Reed and his majority associates have employed in their investigation of Mr. Hoover's activities. The conduct of the sugar investigation is in unpleasant contrast with that of the investigation into the work done by the Ordnance Bureau and the Quartermaster's Department.

THE GREAT QUESTIONNAIRE

Nearly ten million men during the current weeks will answer a questionnaire designed to make the Draft Law a real selective service measure.

It is the duty of every registered man, even if he does not receive his copy of the questionnaire, and even if he has been already exempted, to go to his local draft board and find out what is expected of him.

On the basis of this questionnaire the men who have registered under the Draft Law will be divided into five general classes. The first class will include, roughly, single men without dependents, dependent married men, married men not usefully engaged, unskilled laborers, and all not otherwise classified. The second class includes married men with wives or children not wholly dependent upon their labor for support, and married men whose wives are skilled in some special class of work which they are physically able to perform and in which they are either employed or in which they can easily obtain employment and support themselves without suffering or hardship. Necessary skilled farm laborers and skilled industrial laborers are also included in this class, provided they are engaged in necessary enterprises.

The third class includes those upon whom rests the responsibility of caring for helpless dependents, such as children, infirm parents, or helpless brothers and sisters, highly trained firemen or policemen, certain necessary employees of the Federal Government, managers or assistant managers of necessary agricultural or industrial enterprises, and technical or mechanical experts whose services are also of vital necessity.

In the fourth class are to be found men whose wives or children are mainly dependent on their labor for support, mariners actually employed in sea service, and the necessary sole directing head of necessary agricultural or industrial enterprises.

Class five includes the legislative, executive, or judicial officers of the United States, the individual States, the Territories, and the District of Columbia. It includes ordained ministers, certain divinity students, those already in the military or naval service of the United States, and men permanently unfit for military service because of mental or physical disabilities. It also includes licensed pilots actively employed and members of a well-recognized religious sect or organization whose creed forbids its members to participate in any way in war.

This fifth class is obviously intended to include all those whom the Government desires absolutely to exempt from the provisions of the Draft Law, even though the fifth class is not classified as exempt, but merely in the class whose call will be longest deferred. The curious juxtaposition of ministers and those morally or mentally unfit for military service affords an interesting commentary on the legal provision which practically exempts clergymen from all kinds of military service. It would perhaps have been wiser if the Government had treated ministers as it has treated doctors and medical students, that is, provided that their talens might be used in a way to help the Government to the best possible advantage. Many young ministers would make, as many are making, the best kind of workers in the Y. M. C. A. shacks here and abroad. Why exempt these trained men from all service, while at the same time we require medical students and doctors either to join the Medical Reserve or to serve in the army?

The individual questions by which the exhaustive classification will be determined require the most careful attention on the part of those who must answer them, but the questions are all reasonable, and should provide the Government with exactly the information it desires. A typical example of the care with which this questionnaire has been developed is afforded by the group of questions dealing with agricultural labor. These questions are expected to indicate whether a farm laborer is necessary to the farm where he works, and whether his work itself is useful or merely devoted to the upkeep of some non-productive country estate; and further, in case such an estate is worked as a farm, whether it represents an agricultural enterprise of value to the country.

The operation of the Selective Draft Law under the present regulations will protect the country from the misuse of its skilled labor so far as the draft registrants are concerned. No effort has been made, so far as we know, however, to prevent skilled laborers, such as shipbuilders and mechanics, from volunteering for the war in either the Army or the Navy. It is perhaps unfortunate that the same tests now being applied to the selected men could not also have been applied to the volunteers.

THE RED CROSS DRIVE

When the American Red Cross announced that it would increase its membership from five to ten millions, and hoped to reach a maximum of fifteen millions, there was some doubt felt by those who realized the magnitude of the task and did not realize the zeal of the vast number of volunteer campaigners ready to work for success under ingenious and efficient plans. The effort was even larger than at first appears, because it included renewals of membership and payment of the annual fee of one dollar by most of the five million persons already members. Thus, to take an actual example, one chapter in a town of 5,000 people had about 1,100 members before the drive; when on Christmas Day it had recorded 2,900 members, the statement meant that 2,900 people (new members and old) had paid each a dollar or more for a year's membership, beginning at once. And the "drive" was to continue until New Year's.

As with the small town, so with the city and the country. On Christmas Day it was estimated that about 9,000,000 new members and 4,000,000 renewals had been registered. With this total of 13,000,000 it would seem probable that the mark of 15,000,000 would be reached by New Year's Day, and certain that the campaign has been successful in a most gratifying manner. The banner region has been the Lakes Division, which, with a quota of 1,063,000, reported an enrollment of 2,000,000. One interesting feature of the campaign has been the number

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of "hundred-per-cent" offices, factories, and corporations—that is, those which have every man and woman in the place enrolled as a Red Cross member. We have heard also of one hundred-per-cent college—Blue Mountain College, in Mississippi.

The army of Red Cross members (a considerable number of whom are also active workers, and these mostly women) is now approximately ten times as large as our new military army.

PROHIBITION IN CANADA AND TEMPERANCE IN OUR EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

Canada, by the vote of the provinces, has been very largely dry territory for some months. Premier Borden has now announced that this provincial prohibition will be given the powerful support of Dominion law. Beginning on December 24, the Canadian Premier has forbidden the importation into Canada of intoxicating liquors. In his announcement he defined intoxicating liquors as any beverage containing more than two and one-half per cent of alcohol. The Premier announced that there would also be an investigation into the condition of the liquor industry, and that, after a date to be determined by this investigation, the prohibition of the manufacture of intoxicating liquors would be ordered. In a news despatch from Ontario the New York "Times" reports that the Premier bases this order on the "unmistakable mandate for the employment of all the country's energies and resources necessary to achieve victory" given at the last general election to the present Government. The Premier said:

> It is essential and indeed vital for the efficient conduct of the war that wasteful or unnecessary expenditure should be prohibited, and that all articles capable of being used as food should be conserved. It is beyond question that the use of liquor affects adversely the realization of this purpose.

Associated Press despatches from our expeditionary force state that General Pershing has issued a general order covering the liquor problem among our soldiers abroad. In this order General Pershing announced: "Soldiers are forbidden either to buy or accept as gifts whisky, brandy, champagne, liqueurs, or other alcoholic beverages other than light wines or beers."

General Pershing's order, however, does not stop with the prohibition of heavy liquors. It contains drastic provision for the punishment of men who drink to excess, and also for holding responsible the commanding officer of units in which drunkenness occurs. General Pershing's order also wisely links control of the liquor traffic with the control of immorality surrounding our army camps. All sections of towns frequented by immoral women are declared to be "off limits" for American soldiers. In this, as in his handling of the liquor problem, it is evident that General Pershing is taking every care to maintain the health and efficiency of his troops. Perhaps it may be possible to bring the handling of the liquor problem in our over-seas forces into even closer harmony with the laws applicable to forces in this country than has yet been done, but we can rest assured that General Pershing will move as fast as expediency permits.

It is interesting to record in this connection that Mr. Roosevelt, in a recent letter to Dr. Clarence True Wilson, of the National Temperance Board, states that his sons have written him "most strongly (just as General Pershing has expressed his public opinion most strongly) as to the harm done to the men of the army by permitting the sale of liquor to them." Mr. Roosevelt adds that his sons have come to believe in absolute prohibition for the army in war time. One of them has written that his experience abroad has made a permanent prohibitionist of him.

WHY IS LA FOLLETTE STILL IN THE SENATE?

Where are the many voices which clamored a few months ago for the expulsion of La Follette from the Senate? La Follette is still in the Senate, though the reasons for expelling him from that body which were good three months ago are just as good to-day. The Outlook was of the opinion three months ago that the reasons for expelling La Follette from the Senate were very good indeed. It has not changed its opinion.

In the meantime, however, the Senatorial investigation into the activities, writings, and speeches of the Senator from Wisconsin is apparently languishing. Senator Pomerene, Chairman of the Committee on Privileges and Elections, informs us that the Committee on Privileges and Elections will meet on Tuesday, January 8, to determine whether the sub-committee of this Committee shall continue investigations under the limited authority given it or whether the hearings shall be before the full Committee.

There are many Americans who think that the Senate is no place for Robert M. La Follette at the present time, even though their voices have not lately been raised in protest against his continuance in office. It can be said without much fear of contradiction that the country at large looks to the Senatorial Committee on Privileges and Elections, as the trustee of the Nation's interests and honor, to handle the case of Senator La Follette without fear or favor or further delay.

NON-PARTISAN SERVICE

Last week The Outlook called attention to President Wilson's tribute to the senior Senator from Minnesota, a Republican, in suggesting to Minnesota Democrats that Knute Nelson be re-elected. The occasion emphasized the growing non-partisan attitude at Washington.

We have now to refer to another example of non-partisan service. The death of Francis Griffith Newlands, Senator from Nevada, forms the occasion. Mr. Newlands was sixty-nine years old. He was born in Natchez, Mississippi. He studied at Yale and Columbia. He went to California to practice law, later going to Nevada. In 1893 he was elected to Congress and served ten years in the lower house. Then he was elected Senator. At the time of his death he was serving his third term in the Senate.

He became an authority on lands and transportation, and as such was one of the most influential figures in Congress. He was Chairman of the Committee on Inter-State Commerce, and also headed the General Railway Commission established a little over a year ago for the purpose of investigating the railway situation throughout the country. He framed the chief measures for the reclamation of the Western lands. He strongly advocated the construction of canals to compete with railways in freight transportation. Through his efforts a Waterways Commission was finally established by law. He took an intelligent interest in æsthetic matters, and introduced a measure which became the basis of National countenance of the fine arts.

In all these things the quality which most characterized Mr. Newlands was his readiness to serve his country without reference to party. Though a Democrat and highly regarded by the present Administration, to which his loss will be severe, Mr. Newlands rendered equally good service to the Republican Administrations of Presidents Roosevelt and Taft.

JERUSALEM AND IOWA CITY

The only formal community celebration in America of the capture of Jerusalem of which we have heard occurred at Iowa City, Iowa, recently.

The State University of Iowa is situated in that city, and some time ago the University Oratorio Society chose for a coming performance Gade's oratorio "The Crusaders." This proved to be a most happy coincidence, for it was this oratorio that was performed in celebration of the capture by the British of the city for the recovery of which the Crusaders in former years had set forth. At this celebration there was a large audience in which Jew and Gentile, Catholic and Protestant, and patriotic orders had ceremonial representatives. All creeds, nationalities, and orders had been invited to send them. Seated at the front were the Catholic priests, the Protestant pastors, and Jewish representatives, and marching in full regalia came the Masons, whose order, so tradition says, dates back to the building of Solomon's Temple; and after them came the Catholic Knights of Columbus, the Grand Army of the Republic and their companion society of the women of the Relief Corps, the Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Odd Fellows, all with standards and banners.

The armory in which the oratorio was performed had been

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decorated with American flags, with the flags of our allies, and with the Red Cross insignia, while at the center was displayed a big Union Jack lent by an English family who had four sons at the front, one with the British and three with the American forces.

The oratorio was performed by a chorus of one hundred voices and an orchestra of forty pieces.

At the last strains of the final chorus—"The goal is won, Jerusalem. Up, your flag with hope endows thee. We cry aloud, Hosanna!"—the great service flag of the University, with its six hundred and sixty-six stars for the men who have gone forth, was unfurled and presented, and President Jessup in accepting it asked the community also to accept it in the spirit of service through the Red Cross and conservation. The chorus swung into one verse each of "God Save the King," the "Marseillaise," and "The Star-Spangled Banner," the audience joining.

It was a fine expression of community co-operation and civic spirit.

HAMPTON'S NEW HEAD

The appointment of a successor to fill the place held by the late Hollis B. Frissell as head of Hampton Institute is a matter of National importance. The Trustees of Hampton have chosen for this place the Rev. James E. Gregg, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. Mr. Gregg is a native of Connecticut and a graduate of Harvard. For three years he was a teacher at St. George's School, Newport. He was then successively pastor of churches in Pittsfield and Lowell. He returned to Pittsfield in 1912, where for five years he has been active in the civic and religious life of the community. Two of the Trustees of Hampton are quoted in the New York "Evening Post" as most enthusiastically indorsing the appointment of Mr. Gregg. Dr. Anson Phelps Stokes, Secretary of Yale University, said:

> I have known Mr. Gregg for ten years. . . . Hampton Institute is fortunate in having at its head a man of his culture, judicial temperament, and high ideals, and with his deep interest in the work and in the colored people. . . . Mr. Gregg has something of the modesty and of the sterling qualities of heart and mind which so marked his distinguished predecessor, Dr. Frissell.

George Foster Peabody, in making the announcement of Mr. Gregg's appointment on behalf of the Trustees, said:

> The new principal brings to his task the moral courage which made General Armstrong daring and the spiritual serenity which made Dr. Frissell wise, and the friends of the school look with renewed confidence and hope to the beginning of Hampton's second half-century of National service under the leadership of a man so well equipped as Mr. Gregg.

It is a tremendous task for which Mr. Gregg has been appointed, and it is gratifying to record the unanimity of opinion among the Trustees of the Institute in regard to his qualifications for the post.

The head of Hampton must combine in his single person the executive ability demanded of the head of a college, together with a sympathetic understanding of that rare philosophy of education of which Hampton Institute was practically the pioneer exponent. He must also have a fundamental appreciation of the social problems of the South, and an ability to secure the co-operation of both South and North in the work of finding a solution to those problems, which are peculiarly trying to one part of our country, but which can never be solved unless approached from the point of view of the Nation as a whole.

It is a tremendous problem which confronts Mr. Gregg. He will take up his task with the profound good wishes of thousands of Hampton's friends, both North and South.

THE GOVERNORS OF ARIZONA

George W. P. Hunt has been seated as Governor of Arizona. This has been done by the Arizona Supreme Court. At the same time it decided that Thomas E. Campbell's tenure of office since January 27, 1917, was not illegal, as he had been made *de facto* Governor by the same Court.

Mr. Hunt was elected first Governor of Arizona and was re-elected. At the third election Mr. Campbell appeared to have won over Governor Hunt by thirty-one votes. Governor Hunt instituted a legal demand for a recount and declined to surrender the office on January 1, 1917. According to the newspapers, he barred the doors and windows of the Capitol, and when Mr. Campbell, accompanied by a crowd of formidable-looking friends from the cowboy districts, arrived and demanded admittance it was refused. To the support of law and order, there had been not only a liberal scattering of armed deputies through the crowd, but there was no liquor to be had in Phœnix, the capital. Under these circumstances, it was the easier for Mr. Campbell to restrain his men from violence. He was inaugurated in the open air near the Capitol while Mr. Hunt was inaugurated within the Capitol. Thus there were apparently two Governors of Arizona.

When the Supreme Court issued an order declaring Mr. Campbell *de facto* Governor, Governor Hunt vacated, and Governor Campbell has held office since. The recount, however, showed that Mr. Hunt had been re-elected by forty-three votes. The Court's decision was unanimous, but it does not appear why the recount and the proceedings took so long a time. Thus ends one of the most curious election cases in our history, and one which illustrates an essential in successful self-government—namely, the acquiescence of the people in the decisions of democratically constituted authority.

THE SURVIVOR OF COMMODORE PERRY'S EXPEDITION

A portrait of William H. Hardy, the sole survivor of Commodore Perry's historic expedition to Japan in 1853, appears on another page. Mr. Hardy recently returned to the scenes of his adventures. He visited the port of Kurihama, where the Perry party landed. It is interesting to note that the entire population was in holiday attire for the visitor, that the streets were decorated with lanterns and the Stars and Stripes, that school-children stood in line along the way, and that all carried American flags which they waved, shouting loud "Banzais," as Mr. Hardy rode through the crowded thoroughfares. He responded by waving his sailor's cap, and, on arriving at the monument erected to commemorate the expedition, knelt in prayer, and planted an Oregon pine tree which he had brought with him from America. One of the Japanese who welcomed the Perry Expedition was present to welcome this survivor of it. As reported by the New York "Japanese-American Commercial Weekly," from the latest issue of which we obtain the foregoing facts, Captain Hardy then spoke as follows, with the whole population of Kurihama as his audience:

> Commodore Perry's American Expedition visited Kurihama sixty-four years ago to open trade intercourse between America and Japan, and the Americans carried messages from President Fillmore. I helped row the boat in which Commodore Perry was seated to the shore of Kurihama. Negotiations were, however, mostly carried on on board the Susquehanna, the flagship of Commodore Perry. . . . In the pavilion especially erected to receive Commodore Perry was a table, and on each side was a high official of the Shogun Government. . . . When the Americans were retiring to the war-ships, one of the officials . . . asked through an interpreter if Perry would come again with the same four war-ships. "No, with twelve ships next year," was the reply.

The following year the Perry party did return with ten ships, this time going to Yokohama, where further negotiations took place. On March 31, 1854, the treaty was signed.

Mr. Hardy concluded with an expression of his astonishment at the splendid progress Japan has made during the sixty-four years which have elapsed since he first landed there, and of his satisfaction that now the flags of America and Japan are crossed as a symbol of the friendship existing between the two nations.

A MISSIONARY BISHOP

Bishop Brent's acceptance of the bishopric of Western New York affords the opportunity, not so much of reviewing his sixteen years in the Philippines as of noting certain personal characteristics.

Missionary work has always needed the kind of man who

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Darling in the New York Tribune

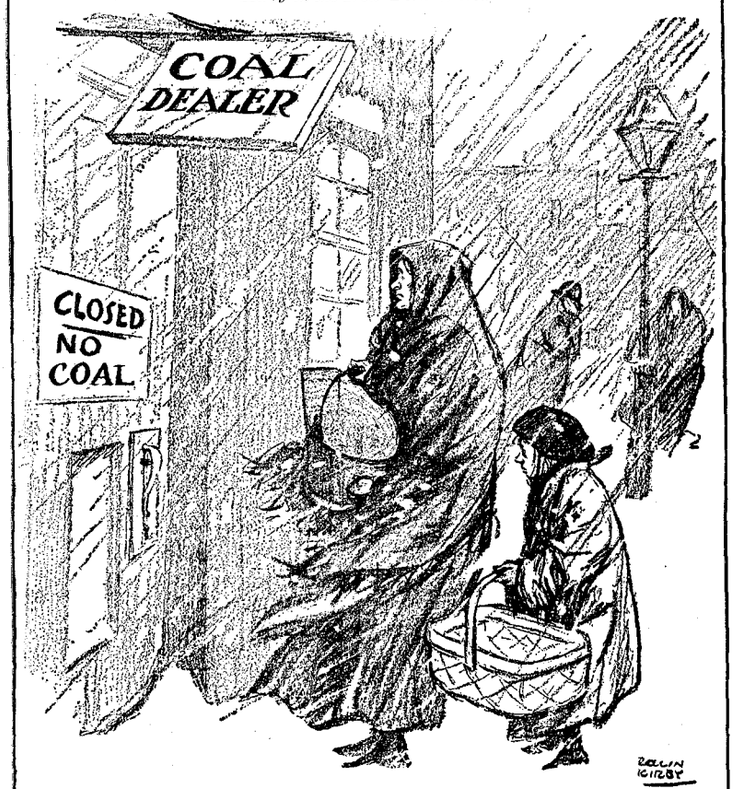
THE BROKEN BOTTLE AND ITS DISREPUTABLE CONTENTS

Kirby in the New York World

THE NEW PRUSSIANISM

THE PROHIBITION AMENDMENT—FOR AND AGAINST

Kirby in the New York World



FRIGHTFULNESS AT HOME

Morris in the New York Evening Mail

Uncle Sam: "Will one of you fellows lend me a cannon, so I can take a pop at the Kaiser?"

THE COAL SHORTAGE AND THE GUN SHORTAGE

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in the list, but will unhesitatingly accept the Government's warnings.

GOVERNMENT OPERATION OF THE RAILWAYS

REVOLUTIONARY as it may seem, the action of the President in taking over on December 28 the entire railway system has been almost universally accepted as a normal and natural act. Even the conservatively-minded among the daily newspapers, and even such natural conservatives as bankers, greet this action in a spirit not only of acquiescence but of satisfaction. The way in which this profound change from private to public management of our railways has been received is an indication, as striking as it would be possible to find, of the effect on America that has been made by the World War.

For it is as a war measure that the President has taken possession of the entire railway system of the country. This he explains in his Proclamation published on Thursday morning, December 27. He quotes the resolutions of Congress declaring war on Germany and Austria respectively, in which Congress authorizes and directs the President "to employ the entire naval and military forces of the United States and the resources of the Government to carry on war." And he also quotes from the Army Appropriation Act of August, 1916:

> The President, in time of war, is empowered, through the Secretary of War, to take possession and assume control of any system or systems of transportation, or any part thereof, and to utilize the same, to the exclusion as far as may be necessary of all other traffic thereon, for the transfer or transportation of troops, war material, and equipment, or for such other purposes connected with the emergency as may be needful or desirable.

This provision was a product of the great war in Europe, although it was adopted more than seven months before the United States entered that war; and it gives the President this authority to take possession of and operate the railways—and, for that matter, all the transportation lines, including steamships—as an exercise of the Government's war powers.

It is, therefore, as an emergency measure, undertaken only because we are at war and only because of authority which Congress has given the President in time of war, that this Proclamation has been issued; but the terms of the Proclamation are none the less sweeping. The Government has taken possession of every line of railway and every system of coastwise or inland transportation owned or controlled by a railway, including terminals, sleeping and parlor cars, private cars and car lines, elevators, warehouses, telegraph and telephone lines—in fact, the whole equipment of all American railways. The President intimates that even the operation of street-car lines and so-called interurban electric lines may pass under Government control and operation by a subsequent order.

In taking possession of the railways the President of course observes the limitation placed upon the Government by the Constitution. It would be contrary not only to the Constitution, but to the whole spirit of America, for the Government to seize private property under any emergency unless that private property were either forfeited through violation of law on the part of the owner and through consequent trial before the courts, or duly bought and paid for at a compensation carefully and judicially determined. In this case the railway property itself does not pass into the ownership of the Government. It is neither forfeited nor purchased. It is simply placed under the control and management of the Government. But that control, that management, is as complete and unqualified as if the railways were the property of the Government itself. At the same time, as the President makes very clear, for the use of the railways the Government will see that the owners of the railways, their shareholders, and the owners of railway obligations, will be duly paid.

For the purpose of carrying out what he has proclaimed, the President has appointed William G. McAdoo, Director General of Railroads. Mr. McAdoo does not relinquish his post as Secretary of the Treasury, but assumes his new duties in addition to those he is now performing. Mr. McAdoo has given evidence of his ability as an executive in the construction of the Hudson Tunnels, and the operation of trains through them between New York City and New Jersey; and he is, by virtue of his work as Secretary of the Treasury, qualified to deal with financial problems such as are presented in this new Government venture.

The actual work of operation will be carried on by those who have carried on the railways under private management. To the ordinary observer there will be little change. In fact, however, the change will be radical. With the overwhelming burden which war has placed upon the railways, the unequal distribution of cars and supplies and other elements in transportation has threatened the country with very serious trouble. There has been a Committee of Railway Executives who have been patriotically co-operating with the Government; but this Committee has had no power to enforce its decisions, or even to see that railways that lack equipment and other necessary things should be supplied by roads which had enough and to spare. Managers cannot do what they will with private property. Only the Government has the power and authority commensurate with the task.

Though this great change comes as an emergency war measure, it is inconceivable that, though it may be modified, it should not be in some form lasting. Just as Government regulation has made it impossible to conceive of this country's ever going back to the old days when railways were managed with as much individual freedom as if they were on private estates of their own; so Government operation will, in our opinion, soon make it inconceivable that this country will ever go back to purely private operation, even though regulated. The changes which this war is making cannot be ignored or abandoned after this war is over. Government operation has come, in our judgment, to stay.

Whether this means ultimately Government ownership or not is another question. New York City owns its subways, but does not operate them. The United States Government does not own the railways, but will hereafter operate them. There is no question that the public has a right to own and the right to operate public utilities. The question in each case should be decided simply on this one ground, whether the public can act for itself better than it can hire private enterprise to act for it. The railways are public highways. Whether they are managed by private enterprise or by public authority, they should be managed for the benefit of the public. The time has come when it is proved that public benefit requires Government operation. And because the evidence of that is unmistakable, it is not in the least surprising that the whole country should acquiesce.

WHICH?

There is a familiar story of Abraham Lincoln to the effect that a delegation of clergymen once called on him, one of whom said, "I hope, Mr. President, that the Lord is on our side," to whom Lincoln replied, "That does not concern me; what concerns me is that we should be on the Lord's side."

Christmas morning's papers published a speech delivered by the Kaiser to his troops containing the following two sentences: "The year 1917, with its great battles, has proved that the German people has in the Lord of Creation above an unconditional and avowed ally on whom it can absolutely rely. Without him all would have been in vain."

The difference between Abraham Lincoln and the Kaiser is the difference between true and false religion, true and false faith.

False religion is the religion of self-will. False faith has its own plans formed and claims God as a silent partner lending the capital of his almighty power to enable self-will to carry out its plans. True religion is the religion of consecration. True faith believes that God has plans, and prays the Psalmist's prayer, "Show me thy paths, O Lord," and devotes itself to discovering God's paths and working with God to accomplish them.

The Kaiser's faith wants God for his ally. Lincoln's faith wants to be the ally of God.

At this beginning of a new year it were well for each one of us to ask himself whether his faith is that of the Kaiser or that of Abraham Lincoln.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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ALSACE-LORRAINE

Among the proposals for peace attributed to the German Government, and undoubtedly emanating from Germany, there is one that appeals with great force to many believers in self-government. This is—

"To leave the disposition of Alsace-Lorraine to a plebiscite of inhabitants."

This proposal recalls a somewhat similar one made by Stephen A. Douglas in 1854, to leave the question whether slavery should be admitted to or excluded from a Territory to the inhabitants of the Territory themselves. The proposal has passed into American history under the title of "Squatter Sovereignty." Abraham Lincoln's characterization of this proposal will be found in Volume I of his complete works, page 249:

> What was Squatter Sovereignty? I suppose, if it had any significance at all, it was the right of the people to govern themselves, to be sovereign in their own affairs while they were squatted down in a country not their own, while they had squatted on a territory that did not belong to them, in the sense that a State belongs to the people who inhabit it—when it belongs to the Nation—such right to govern themselves was called Squatter Sovereignty.

What Germany proposes to do is to leave the question of Alsace-Lorraine to be determined by its present population, while the French inhabitants who were dwelling there in peace three years ago have been mostly killed off (to say nothing of the other French inhabitants who have been driven out by the German occupation of the past forty years) and their places taken by Germans "who have squatted on a territory that did not belong to them."

It is true that no territory should be disposed of by external authority without consideration of the rights and interests of the people who dwell upon it, and generally not without some consultation of their wishes; but it is not true that the people who happen to be dwelling upon a territory at any particular time are the only ones whose interests are to be considered, the only ones who have rights to be taken account of, the only ones whose wishes and judgment are to be consulted.

The Nationalists in Ireland demand that the destiny of Ireland should be determined by the Irish people, without regard to the rights or the interests of the English; but when the inhabitants of the north of Ireland desired to apply the same principle and demanded that Ulster should not be turned over to the control of the people in the south of Ireland against the will of the inhabitants of the north of Ireland, the Nationalists repudiated their own principle and demanded the right to exercise a controlling authority over the whole of Ireland. This simple fact illustrates the fallacy of the principle involved in squatter sovereignty.

There are immense stores of coal and iron in Alleghany County, Pennsylvania. It would be preposterous if those stores of coal and iron belonged to the three-quarters of a million of people in that county. It was preposterous in the Civil War to claim that the people of Louisiana owned the mouth of the Mississippi River because they dwelt upon its banks and the people farther up had no rights or interest in the mouth of that river. It is quite as preposterous to claim that because now a majority of the people living in Alsace and Lorraine and transferred there from Germany are or may be Germans, Germany has a right to take possession of the mineral wealth of those two provinces.

The question how the ownership of the surface of the earth can be determined, and how the political control of each section of the surface of the earth should be determined, is a very difficult one, because so many, so various, and so complex are the rights and interests involved. One thing, however, that is very certain is that no people have an absolute and exclusive right to control and use for themselves any portion of the earth's surface merely because they chance at the time when the question of control arises to dwell upon that territory.

As the interest of the whole American Nation was rightly considered in determining the political control of the United States, as the rights and interests of the people of all Great Britain ought to be taken into consideration in determining the political control of Ireland, so, whenever the nations are prepared to make the new map of Europe, the rights and interests of the various peoples of Europe must be taken account of in determining the boundary lines of Alsace-Lorraine, and, indeed, of every new boundary line that may be drawn.

The question of Alsace-Lorraine, like many another question that has been raised or revived by this war, is a world question; and a world question cannot be decided by a local vote.

WHY HESITATE?

We Americans have gone into the war with the avowed purpose of fighting for democracy and liberty. From all kinds of witnesses comes the testimony that our men, disinclined to war, are setting out to fight in this war with high spirit, because they believe they are going to fight for liberty and democracy. And what impels us Americans to fight has been the evidence that a despotic, ruthless Power, acknowledging nothing more divine than Might, has oppressed, crushed, beaten down, and mangled people whose only offense has been that they loved liberty and dared to stand up against that power in the defense of liberty.

This is why America admires Belgium and wants to help the Belgians.

But Belgium is not the only country that has suffered because it dared to try to be free.

The very first country to bring down upon its head the mailed fist in this war was Serbia.

And Serbia has been terribly punished for her love of freedom. Pan-Germany has delegated the scourging of Serbia to Bulgaria; and the Bulgarian King and his military group have taken joy in inflicting misery upon the Serbians.

And America, who has entered this war to defend democracy and liberty, is at peace with the Bulgarian King.

At least America is at peace with Bulgaria in form—but not in truth. If we are at war with Germany because she is making the world unsafe for democracy, we are at war with all who aid her in making the world unsafe.

We should declare war on Bulgaria.

First, because we should then be recognizing an existing fact.

Second, because, as the map shows, Bulgaria and Bulgarian control of Serbia are part of the Pan-Germanic scheme, and by making war on Bulgaria we should threaten Pan-Germany.

Third, because by making war we should close up the Bulgarian Legation and the Bulgarian consulates in this country. We have permitted one of Germany's allies to maintain centers of information, not to say influence and power, in this country. We should no longer allow a Government which is the ally of our enemy and the enemy of democracy to be treated as a friend, and to keep its agents in this country.

Fourth, because the Bulgarians themselves, who are naturally admirers of America and American ideals, need the demonstration that America does not stand for the Prussianism to which their King has committed them and their country. It is known that when the United States entered the war against Germany many Bulgarians who had been hypnotized by their petty Czar came to their senses and deserted the service of that wretched little despot. It is more than likely that a declaration of war by the great Republic of the United States upon the Government of Bulgaria would make thousands of other Bulgarians realize how they have been duped.

Fifth, because Serbia asks it. There is in this country a Serbian Mission. One of its members has been Professor of International Law in the University of Belgrade. Another has been Serbian Minister for Foreign Affairs. Another is a general, a Serbian hero of 1914. This Mission, representing a small country that successfully defied for months the great Austrian Empire, that has fought and fought and fought, that has been overrun with enemies and subjugated, that has been neglected by the Allies, though it was the first to take up the Allied cause, and though it lay closest to the heart of Pan-Germany—this Mission is here to plead Serbia's cause. Though this Mission has not officially asked this country to declare war on Bulgaria, there is no manner of doubt that every Serb in or out of Serbia that has Serbia's cause at heart would hail with joy a declaration of war by the United States against Serbia's nearest and most destructive enemy, Bulgaria. That reason alone is enough.

Why hesitate?

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ARMS, CLOTHES, AND THE SOLDIER

AS the Congressional inquiry into the Ordnance Bureau and the Quartermaster's Department proceeds, the grave deficiencies which exist in the supply and equipment for our troops grow more and more apparent.

It is admitted by all interests, both in and out of the War Department, that our soldiers abroad are depending at present entirely upon our allies for their artillery and machine guns. The authorities in our War Department state that our allies can afford to lend us this vital aid without detriment to themselves. Many voices have been raised, however, in a protest against such a statement. To the impartial observer it seems distinctly unlikely that France and England—two nations which have been straining every resource during the last three years to ward off the attacks of an aggressive and desperate foe—should have supplies to spare.

In any case, it grows more and more apparent that the admitted shortage of supplies for our own troops is due, in part at least, to a failure by the War Department to avail itself of all the resources at the command of the American Nation.

This general criticism is particularly applicable in the case of the supply of machine guns. The machine-gun situation is doubly complicated, for it involves a controversy which has been raging in army circles for a long period antedating the present war. Any one who has followed at all closely the action of the War Department in recent years knows that the Bureau of Ordnance has manifested on more than one occasion a hostility towards the Lewis machine gun which has aroused considerable debate. Colonel Lewis, U. S. A., retired, the inventor of the Lewis machine gun, believes that the failure to recognize the value of his weapon has been due to the personal antagonism of General Crozier, Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance. General Crozier, on the other hand, has indicated on more than one occasion that he was not satisfied with the performance of the Lewis gun in actual test. Colonel Lewis's arguments are strengthened by the fact that his gun has been eagerly seized upon by the ordnance officials of our allies, and that thousands upon thousands of them are now in constant use on and over the western front.

Whatever the cause of General Crozier's objections, they were sufficient in weight greatly to retard the acceptance of Lewis machine guns by the War Department even after the outbreak of hostilities had made manifest to every eye the immediate need of developing to the limit the machine gun capacity of American factories. In his testimony before Congress Colonel Lewis told of his repeated efforts to give his gun to his Government without compensation to himself. He said that he had returned to the American Government the thousands of dollars in royalties he had received for Lewis guns ordered for the English Government but later turned over to our own. He said that the War Department had at first refused to accept his check, and later, after reversing its decision, had failed even to acknowledge his voluntary gift. Colonel Lewis's statements to this effect, backed up by letters produced at the Congressional investigation, whatever bearing they may have on his criticism of General Crozier, certainly give evidence of a lack of courtesy from officials toward the inventor.

General Crozier claims that the War Department has found in the Browning machine gun a better weapon than the Lewis, but all the testimony before the Congressional Committee showed that the Browning gun, so far as any quantity production is concerned, is largely a thing of the future. At the time of its adoption by the War Department but two Browning guns were in existence. It would seem to the lay observer that it would have been better to accept as the standard equipment of our troops a weapon which had already decisively proved its merit and its right to survive on a thousand hard-fought fields. The Browning gun may be a hundred times more efficient than the Lewis, but it can be said, without fear of contradiction by partisans of either gun, that no blueprint ever killed a German.

The Congressional inquiry into the Quartermaster's Department has brought to light certain deficiencies of method which have greatly retarded the equipment for our troops. So far as the Congressional investigation has proceeded, there has been little indication that personal jealousy has been permitted to interfere in any way with the proper provision of food, clothing, and other such supplies for our military forces. It is plainly evident, however, that because of our general unpreparedness in the past, and the inelastic organization of our War Department, the Government has been unable to provide uniforms, overcoats, and certain other supplies for the men in training. Apparently the Quartermaster's Department has made its best showing in the matter of the food provided for the men, for there has been a notable lack of criticism on the grounds of insufficient food.

One of the reasons why there has been delay in providing clothing for our troops is to be found in the complicated system used by the War Department in checking orders passing between various offices within the War Department.

General Sharpe, under questioning by Senator Wadsworth, admitted that in one important case it took four days for a telegram to come from the Adjutant-General's office to the Quartermaster-General. Senator McKellar graphically described the course of the particular telegram to which General Sharpe referred. Said Senator McKellar:

> As I understand the course of that telegram, it comes from the officer in the field to the Adjutant-General. Then it comes to the Quartermaster-General. Then from the Quartermaster-General back to the Adjutant-General; then from the Adjutant-General to the Assistant Chief of Staff, and from the Assistant Chief of Staff back to the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster General combined. Then from the Adjutant-General back to the officer, and the Quartermaster-General then acts upon it.

General Sharpe said that he then acted upon such a requisition if his approval had been confirmed, but it was made manifest that confirmation of an order implied progress through the entire course of procedure described by Senator McKellar. General Sharpe admitted that on one occasion General Wood had on his own authority bought twenty thousand pairs of overalls for his men at Camp Funston in order that they might be clothed until the regulation uniforms arrived. He did this without authority, but the Quartermaster-General approved of it, because of the necessity of the situation. General Wood's prompt action was apparently typical of the way in which the Quartermaster's Department has *not* been managed.

No American can be blind to the size of the problem which has confronted the War Department since the outbreak of the war. And many Americans, with the size of the problem confronting the War Department in mind, have been loth to criticise the inefficiency which has in some respects been manifested. As one citizen overheard in a restaurant a few days ago remarked, "Think what confusion would result if the average business concern were asked to expand a thousandfold within a few months."

The comparison sounds plausible, but it is not just. An ordinary business is run on a basis of paying for improvements and developments out of its profits. A War Department is organized with the understanding that whenever an emergency exists the funds at its disposal will be limited only by the resources of the Nation.

The success of an ordinary business is determined by its daily balance-sheet. The success of a War Department can be determined only by its ability to face an emergency and to meet whatever demands the country makes upon it in time of war. A war department organized only for peace-time use is like an insurance company organized on a basis of never having to pay out money for the losses of its policy-holders. What would the average citizen say of an insurance company which accepted his premiums year after year, but failed to pay its just debt when his house or his factory burned to the ground?

In the very nature of things a war department should be organized with the greatest possible degree of elasticity. If it proves itself inelastic and convention-bound in time of war, it can be justly criticised, even though a commercial concern confronted by problems of the same character and magnitude might be pardoned for a demonstration of similar deficiencies.

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HOW THE LIGHT BREAKS THROUGH

THREE AUTOBIOGRAPHIES IN BRIEF

"NOW, like a child that has paid a nickel for a toy, they are crying because the salesman won't let them have the toy and the nickel also."

This is the way that Hermann Hagedorn, an American of German parentage, characterizes those German-Americans who want to be loyal to America but at the same time want to cherish a loyalty to their German inheritance.

An American who knows no divided allegiance can perhaps best understand what this struggle between two such loyalties means by learning how that struggle has affected the lives of individuals. Three such individuals in what here follows tell their stories of that struggle as it has affected them.

After reading these stories the plain American, who has never been troubled with a hyphen, will perhaps be more ready to sympathize with some of his fellow-Americans who have been through some phase of this struggle. As Mr. Hagedorn, in the article written for the Vigilantes from which we have quoted above, says concerning the German-American:

> Like all sentimentalists, he wants to have his cake and eat it too; he forswears his allegiance to Germany because he wants to enjoy American equality of opportunity, and at the same time he persuades himself that he is still *ein guter, braver Deutscher*. America is his wife, but he keeps Germany as his soul-mate, and is puzzled and offended when his wife boxes his ears and hales him into court.
>
> . . . America should have been more observant. She should have seen that the German-Americans needed some friendly attention. America did not see, but Germany did. . . .
>
> The German-American has a keen sense of duty. It is inbred in him. That sense of duty will make him wish faithfully to obey the laws of the United States, of which he is a citizen. But the German-American has likewise an abnormally developed bump of sentimentality. That fatal quality will make him turn again and again wistfully to the dream-Germany which has long perished, if it ever existed. . . . In the hearts of countless German-Americans there is unquestionably a conflict raging between that sense of duty and that sentimental turning to the past.

It is not surprising that this conflict between a loyalty based on a sense of duty and a loyalty based on sentimentality should bring distress and in some cases hardship. And it is not surprising that it affects different individuals in different ways.

The three stories that follow tell how this conflict has affected three different types.

In the case of Mr. Froehlke, that conflict has been carried on within his own mind. Though Mr. Froehlke was born in America, he has gone through the struggle between those two loyalties as neither of the other two has. He has experienced conversion to the American spirit, and he suggests that that process of conversion is slow in coming to an end.

In the case of Dr. Steiner, the storm of the conflict has surged against him from the lives of others. Born of Jewish parentage in Austria, Dr. Steiner knew what it was to find the American spirit before he ever came to this land; and he has known what it has been to go through such a conflict as some of his fellow-Americans are going through, because he has himself gone through a similar process in becoming a minister of the Christian gospel. He has tried to be an interpreter of the American spirit to others who, like himself, have been alien immigrants. The special occasion which calls forth the story he tells is referred to in a note which prefaces what he has to say.

In the case of the unnamed woman of Wisconsin, that struggle has had its outcome in a whole-hearted acceptance of the American spirit which amounts to a profound, sturdy, aggressive faith.—THE EDITORS.

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I—THE CONFESSION OF A SO-CALLED GERMAN PASTOR AND A FEW REFLECTIONS

BY THE REV. PAUL FROEHLKE

AS soon as the European war broke out I entirely forgot that America was the land of my birth and became a rabid pro-German, denouncing everything that smacked of anything Allied, particularly British, in the sharpest terms. In the heat of passion I unreservedly threw my lot with the German nation, and actually conceived of the idea, with its resultant emotion, that if Germany were to go down into defeat it would be my share in life ever afterward to greet my fellow American citizens shamefacedly and apologetically. Viewed in the light of the present time, my former self was a German in disguise, and that man who with biting sarcasm remarked, after I had sat in judgment on the Entente with particular harshness, "You Germans will soon be roaming about without a country," was almost right, for when Congress declared a state of war existing between Germany and our country I virtually found myself on neutral ground and had no country, Germania and America, on either side of me, both appealing for respective demonstrations of loyalty.

America won the day, but the transition was not quite so precipitate as a certain communication which I sent to one of our local newspapers immediately after Bernstorff had been handed his passports would indicate; part of this here follows: "The severance of diplomatic relations caused my heart to bleed, and I am sure it lacerated the souls of thousands of other men of German descent. Thank God, it was only for the moment! With a supreme and holy effort we have thrown off our prejudices in regard to the European war and are now concerning ourselves only with the interest of America. We shall stand by our country. Surely our fellow-citizens will understand how it could come to pass that we were downcast at the news of the severance of diplomatic relations with Germany, the land of our forefathers, whose memory we cherish. It was but natural. Our patriotism has been put to the test, and be it known that it has stood the test. Our hearts are beating for America, our hopes are for America, our lives, our services, are at the disposal of America."

This letter, written bona fide by a sanguine-choleric hand, established beyond a doubt my loyalty among fellow-Americans. In reality, however, as I see it now, my communication was a shield which protected me against accusations of disloyalty while I got my bearings and steered toward the safe harbor of Americanism.

That there was need of such a course soon became apparent to me. My assumption that I was an American after our country had taken up arms against the Imperial Government of Germany received a severe jolt when, to my horror, I found that I could read war news unfavorable to the Allies with equanimity and a certain degree of complacency; in my treacherous heart there was concealed a jubilant triumph because of German victories which slavish fear of prosecution suppressed. What a pass I, a native American, had come to! How could it be possible?

As I ponder over this question it appears to me that I, and no doubt others, were not altogether to blame for the temperamental condition just confessed. Our fellow-Americans made it difficult even for a native American who happened to have a reading and speaking knowledge of the language of his forefathers—in our case it is the German language—to be and feel himself a real American. Of course I must admit that, as my father was the pastor of a large German-speaking congregation, my environments were principally German; we spoke German at home, carried on conversations in the German language with most of our friends, read German literature extensively, and attended such schools and colleges as laid stress

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on the German part of the curriculum. Influence of this nature combined with natural tendencies was bound to create in us a certain degree of regard for the land of our forefathers. This attachment to the old country would not only have remained harmless, but, in my opinion, would have continued to be a beneficial factor in our American life, had not our American brethren continually harped on and accentuated our being of *German* extraction, and thus, in the course of time, perpetuated in our mind the idea that we were an incongruity in the American make-up.

As far back as my memory reaches I remember being called a *German*, seldom an American. When I attended our parochial school, my "Yankee" friends, of course, said I was going to the *German* school, and they dubbed me a "Dutchman." Later on, when I was graduated from college and had completed my course in a theological seminary, I never failed to be introduced as the *German* pastor, though I preached more English than German. Living in a settlement where people spoke a great deal of German, it was no uncommon thing for me to hear politicians paying a glowing tribute to the honesty, integrity, and initiative of the *German* people, as though these commendable qualities were our private property. In papers, books, and magazines of all sorts the praises of *Germany*, her Government, her people, her scenery, "her everything," were sung. Tourists who came back likewise praised Germany, and took special pains to draw comparisons and place America not always in a very favorable light. How, then, in the name of common sense, was I to become Americanized when my fellow-citizens did all in their power to Germanize me, an American by birth?

So it happened that when my country took up arms against the Kaiser and his kin I was out of sympathy with her undertaking. I did not feel myself a real American.

When one considers what has happened since war was declared, this treatment of the German-Americans by their fellow-citizens appears all but criminal. And they felt it; the truth of this is borne out by the fact that America is betraying a bad conscience by the distrust which she shows toward everything German, regardless of whether American ideas have been assimilated or not. When a state of war was declared between America and the Imperial Government of Germany, apprehensions were entertained on all sides as to the stand German-Americans would take toward a situation pregnant with so many possibilities of a decisive nature. Why this distrust? Surely the German-Americans did not merit this disgrace. The history of our country vouched for their loyalty, and history, it is said, repeats itself. Undoubtedly this uneasiness was partly due to the fact that this war would automatically align so many of our fellow-citizens against their kinsmen, a situation in which sentimentality and natural affection might be easily misguided and precipitate disaster; but for the most part this distrust toward the German-American was engendered by his own bad conscience. He was not without blame.

Through bitter experience our fellow-Americans have discovered their mistake, and would retrieve that which they heretofore have neglected. Toward this end our Administration has taken measures for an official campaign of enlightenment as to our war aims. Nothing could be more expedient and opportune. Coming at a time when a great many German-Americans were perplexedly asking themselves, "*Warum dieser Krieg?*" this propaganda for true, unadulterated Americanism was, and is still, bound to bring good results, inasmuch as the psychological moment for such a movement has been chosen and the whole dealt with in the spirit of mutual helpfulness and fairness. Much of the war-time oratory which was indulged in by amateurs, who acted in no official capacity, and therefore in very many cases had no inside information, was nauseating to me in its spread-eagle style, and, if anything, only served to foster my dislike for war against Germany. Another adverse feature of these bellicose speeches was that they were very often delivered by those men who before the war made it a practice to cater to "German" people. Can you imagine the impression it made on me when the very same men who before the war assiduously labored to Germanize me dragged the general apathy of the German-American into the hell-hole of fiery invectives, and would have every German-speaking American shot as a traitor at sunrise? They put me in mind of a parent who in a fit of anger mercilessly whipped his spoiled child, whose greatest crime was that it had followed in its father's footsteps. In their public utterances a spirit of more or less sanctimonious hypocrisy evinced itself. To be sure, it inspired me with confidence and refreshed me when our Administration finally hit upon the plan of taking me into its confidence, of meeting me half-way, as it were, and of making me feel that I was an integral part in the American machinery.

Former prejudices gradually pushed aside, I began to apply myself with painstaking study to the solution of the perplexing problems and the mental phenomena with which only German-Americans in this war crisis were confronted. The Government co-operating with me in the spirit of fair play, my efforts have been crowned with success. I am beginning to feel myself a real American.

To illustrate the point permit me to relate an experience of mine, trivial in itself, but full of meaning. Walking along the street the other day I met with a crowd of small boys and heard one of them say, "There goes the *German* pastor." Before the war and some time after I did not mind being accosted and spoken of in that manner; but this time the "German" part of it hurt, not because I am ashamed of my German parentage—I am proud of it—but because it awakened in me a sensation as if I were ostracized from the categorical group that saith, "We are *Americans!*"

In conclusion I ask the question, Am I a traitor? I may have been one in embryo, but it seems to me I was nipped in the bud.

Savannah, Illinois.

II—A WRONG STRATEGY

BY EDWARD A. STEINER

It has been asserted that some of Dr. Steiner's utterances have been open to severe criticism. As he is known to large numbers of Americans, and especially to our readers, as a writer and a lover of humanity, it is eminently suitable that he should explain through The Outlook just what his position is. Those of our readers who remember his three articles on the Herr Director and the American spirit will associate his name with a particularly high and moving interpretation of America. The Outlook's acquaintance with Dr. Steiner is personal and direct. We hope that this communication from him, which has been published also elsewhere, will lead to a more discriminating valuation of the Americanism that has been fostered by Americans of alien birth.—The Editors.

MY pen has been practically idle for three years. In common with most Americans, I have felt much and suffered in an uncommon degree, and when one suffers clear thinking is difficult. One can speak without thinking, but one cannot write; at least I could not. The suffering has, however, become so intense that I must give utterance to my feeling, and I am addressing Outlook readers because they have been my audience for many years, always patient and generous.

When the war broke out, I was not as unprepared for it as most Americans. I knew it was coming, and also knew why it was to come. I did not know how vast the conflagration would be, and did not dream that we should suffer by it to the degree that we have.

From the very first, however, I shared in the suffering which has now become so common. I knew Serbia and loved its people. I had great hopes that after the Balkan War it would speedily recover and ultimately find its place among the forward-moving nations of Europe. The invasion of Serbia by Austria, its final devastation by Austrian and German troops, the ravages of disease which followed, I felt in their full force, and knew it to be the doom of the people whom I loved.

The conquest of Montenegro was a still greater agony for

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me, for I knew not only its brave people, but have enjoyed the hospitality of its ruler. One of my first contributions to The Outlook described my visit to him. To see that rock-hewn throne of freedom desecrated, for the first time in six hundred years, was a tremendous disappointment.

The horrors perpetrated in Belgium, the burning and sacking of its cities which I knew and admired, the laying low of its whole national life, and the massacres of the Armenians were horrors upon horrors.

Reluctantly I yielded myself to the thought of my country's entrance into the war, knowing the price we must pay for our idealism.

I thought, however, that I could find an effective way in which I could aid, besides the giving of money for every appeal, subscribing for Liberty bonds, and offering myself to the Y. M. C. A. for the work it is doing in the war camps.

I tried to act as a mediator between the alien-born and the native citizen. I began to interpret to the Americans the problems of these foreigners who suddenly were called upon to fight for their adopted country, and to fight against their own people. I also tried to interpret to the foreign-born the position of America, the high ideals which moved it, and the inability of the Nation to keep out of the conflict under the conditions.

In my attempt to mediate I did not straddle; but I pleaded constantly for that which was upon my heart.

The prosecution of the war, however, has brought about a state of mind which has made the continuance of this task all but impossible—at least in Iowa, for it is here that my patriotism has received its first challenge. I could not remain silent when ill-advised or bewildered men were dragged out of their beds, brought before a self-appointed court, and, after being whipped, compelled to kiss the flag. It was a desecration of the flag itself and a betrayal of the American spirit. I have myself been attacked and my patriotism questioned because I tried to stem the wave of hate which is sweeping across my own State.

Yet I am not now pleading for myself, though my suffering is keen—all the keener because, although alien-born, I am with every fiber of my being an American. I am pleading for the foreign-born citizen. Not for the German spy; let him suffer the fate of spies. Not for the embittered, disloyal German who will not see the agony his country has brought upon the world, nor for that portion of the German press which has been misleading. Its business was to guide and direct, not to perplex.

I am pleading for those among us who are bewildered and sad. We ought not, we must not, meet them with a club and argue with a hangman's rope. I am not pleading for them alone; I am pleading for my America, which will need every ounce of loyalty, not only now but when the war is over.

Is it not possible to adopt a new strategy? Must the fate of these people be left in the hands of county and State chairmen of defense who have neither outlook nor sympathy, and who were chosen for their belligerency as much as for their patriotism? We shall need to place new Liberty bonds; we shall need new and greater sacrifices. Shall we secure them by coercion of the worst kind?

I know what is going on in the hearts of the men who have been cruelly treated and maligned. If I were not so thoroughly an American, if I did not sense the American spirit at its best, the treatment I have received would make an Anarchist of me. I am pleading for a new strategy, for we are unmaking good Americans and not making them. Let the President appoint a board—one board more or less will not matter. Let it deal with the problem of the foreign-born. The members of this board need not be foreign-born citizens, but Americans who know them and their problems.

Frankly, I am fearing for the future of our country after the war, not while it lasts. I fear that the breach will grow the greater as the war proceeds and as it exacts from us greater sacrifices. I fear that we who were alien-born, and were born again into Americans, will be made into aliens again. Where I am writing we are being controlled by a Prussian cast of mind; we are fast becoming that which we are fighting, and the alien-born are finding themselves in the midst of the very conditions from which they fled. We need a new strategy, else we shall lose more than we shall gain. I know that a new strategy will not be enough. It must be reinforced by a new spirit, or rather the old American spirit of fair play; and for that, too, I plead, and, I trust, not in vain.

III—WHAT A GERMAN WOMAN THINKS

THE following letter was printed in the New York "Tribune" of December 21:

"*To the Editor of the Tribune:*

"Sir—An honest German woman of Neillsville, Wisconsin, says:

"'If the Germans here don't like America, let them go back to Germany, where the poor people live like swine. It took me three years to save enough money to get to this country, and I had to borrow a little then to get a ticket for the trip. The people there wear wooden shoes, held on by a strap across the top, and I wore a pair when I came here; but I saved enough out of my first week's wages to buy a pair of leather ones. That was more than I could save in a month in Germany. They live like hogs over there, whole families in two small rooms, where they dress and undress before each other. It seemed like heaven when I got to America and had a room all to myself.

"'The American people have treated me fine, and never once made me feel like a lickspittle, as the rich people do in Germany. The German people here must not take the American courtesy and forbearance for fear or cowardice—no, sir, or they will get an awful bump soon. I know the American reserve and strength better than most people of my nationality. I think they have given us every chance in the world to get along and prosper, and it is a mean and dirty thing now to go to bragging and encouraging our country's enemy, Germany, a country that is so conceited that it thinks it can run the world. Germany is the worst place in the world for a person to live, and I would as soon be in hell this minute as to go back where I came from in Germany.'

"Wisconsin has its Teutonic troubles, but this German woman is not one of them. L. B. RING."

"Neillsville, Wisconsin, December 4, 1917."

BOSTON COMES ACROSS

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

When the news of the defeat of Mayor Curley, of Boston, by Mr. Peters was announced—too late for adequate treatment last week—we asked Professor W. B. Munro, who occupies the chair of Municipal Government in Harvard University, to tell our readers what the election signified, and this is his answer.—THE EDITORS.

THE battalions of municipal betterment scored a notable victory at the recent Boston election. Their candidate for Mayor went "over the top" with a plurality of nearly ten thousand. The control of the City Council remains firmly in their hands. For the first time in many years, accordingly, there is a prospect of harmony between the two branches of Boston's city government and a substantial assurance of better municipal administration all along the line.

Let it not be inferred from this, however, that the voters of Boston have been seized by a spasm of reform. The defeat of Mayor Curley was no doubt due in some degree to a general dissatisfaction with many features of his administration, but in larger measure it was the result of a wide-open split in the ranks of those who supported him four years ago. Two months before the election it looked to the impartial observer as if Mr. Curley had managed to make himself impregnable. A man of far more

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than ordinary mental capacity, he is one of the most courageous and resourceful politicians in the entire country. His energy is boundless. In the art of putting ginger into a campaign he has nothing to learn from any one. For four years, moreover, he has devoted a large part of his undeniable talents to the work of intrenching himself in office. No wonder he hoped to be his own successor.

Yet the whole structure, so carefully planned and builded, blew up in short order, and the reason is not far to seek. Mr. Curley's obvious solicitude for his own welfare recoiled upon himself. A Mayor who aims to be also a boss must, of necessity, pursue to some extent the methods of an autocrat, and the ever-present tendency of autocracy is to precipitate revolt. That is just what happened in Boston. Leaders from his own political party rose in their righteous wrath against Mayor Curley's attempt to dominate in his own personal interest, not only the administration of the city, but the Democratic organization of Boston as well.

A few weeks before the election Congressman James A. Gallivan jumped into the arena as an anti-Curley candidate and made it plain that he was in to stay. Friends of the Mayor then made frantic proffers of the olive branch, but it was too late. Mr. Gallivan's personal magnetism, his wide acquaintance, his reputation for rugged integrity, and his picturesque methods of campaigning soon gained for his candidacy a remarkable momentum, and in the end he managed to poll nearly twenty thousand votes, a large part of which came unquestionably from the Curley ranks. When all is said and done, it is to Congressman Gallivan and to his silver-tongued sponsor, ex-Mayor Fitzgerald, that Boston chiefly owes her deliverance from the morals and methods of Tammany.

Here, at any rate, was an opportunity for the friends of honest and efficient government to unite upon some candidate of outstanding merit, preferably one who had not been in any way associated with the old City Hall crowd. Reformers too often let such an opportunity slip by. The logic of the situation pointed clearly to the wisdom of uniting upon the Hon. Andrew J. Peters, who had already announced himself as an aspirant for the office.

Although a Democrat, Mr. Peters had been four times chosen to represent in Congress one of the Republican districts of Boston; he had also served with conspicuous credit as an Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at Washington. His candidacy was therefore indorsed whole-heartedly by the Good Government Association, an organization which reflects with more or less accuracy the non-partisan or "fusion" sentiment of Boston.

With party lines thus obliterated, the campaign started with a rush. As the days went on the most pronounced racial and personal bitterness was created in some quarters, with the partisans of Mayor Curley taking the chief initiative in this direction. Being no neophyte in politics, Mr. Peters kept his balance and declined to be lured into this torrent of vituperation, of appeals to religious prejudice and racial animosity, all of which unhappily have been far too often the accompaniment of a Boston municipal contest, and which marked this particular campaign with unprecedented virulence. So, while the Curley-Gallivan forces blazed away at each other, Mr. Peters and his friends clung steadfastly to the plan of making a straightforward appeal to the whole electorate, offering a constructive programme of municipal improvement and promising an administration which would be non-partisan in every sense of the word. This policy was not spectacular, but it proved effective, the more so because the voters of Boston have had their surfeit of personalities in the campaigns of the past dozen years.

The Republicans of the city, moreover, gave sign of coming solidly to the Peters standard. Having no representative of their own party in the field, the promise of a non-partisan administration, made by Mr. Peters with evident sincerity, naturally appealed to them. Republicans form a decided minority among the voters of Boston, but they are an influential element, and when the Democrats are badly divided they hold the balance of power. They are not under the domination of any one political leader, and their votes cannot be delivered in bulk to any one, as has been proved time and again. Mr. Peters obtained nearly the entire Republican strength, but not because of any trade with the leaders of that party. It was merely because he seemed to be the candidate most likely, and indeed the only candidate likely, to give the Republicans a fair deal. When the trend of things became apparent, the Curley strategists made efforts to drag some camouflage Republican into the ring in order that a portion at least of this vote might be deflected from Mr. Peters, but the plan was quickly ridiculed into an ignominious collapse. Of the 38,000 votes received by Mr. Peters the Republicans contributed at least from 20,000 to 30,000.

Two other factors contributed to the large plurality obtained by Mr. Peters. One of these was the appearance of a fourth candidate, another Democratic Congressman, the Hon. Peter F. Tague. At the final count Mr. Tague made a poor showing; his candidacy did not directly influence the issue of the election, but his trenchant criticism of Mayor Curley's official acts added considerably to the sum of that gentleman's troubles at a time when he had troubles enough elsewhere. The small vote polled by Congressman Tague is in no sense a reflection upon his personal popularity among the citizens of Boston. It shows merely that he had no chance of winning, and that in a hard-fought struggle men do not like to waste their ballots on a sure loser.

The other factor which clinched the Peters triumph (although the outcome proved that he would have won without this timely assistance) was a declaration in his favor by Martin M. Lomasney, the sturdy and picturesque chieftain who holds in the hollow of his hand one of the most solidly Democratic wards of the city. This habitat of his, Ward Five, is one of the few Boston wards which has a leader strong enough to swing its votes *en masse* from one side to the other at his own command. Less than thirty-six hours before the election Mr. Lomasney, who is commonly known in the vernacular of Boston politics as "The Mahatma," hurled his high-explosive shell into the Curley camp. Although an assault from this quarter was not unexpected, it was timed, from the Peters standpoint, at just the right psychological moment. The air was surcharged with excitement and uncertainty; this thunderclap helped to clear it. Here, at any rate, was a plain intimation to the seekers after the loaves and fishes that lean years were ahead of those who pinned their faith upon Mayor Curley's prospects of re-election. It was a broad hint that the pay-roll patriots should scurry for cover. Bosses are human, some of them very much so. They like to be on the winning side. Yet the spectacle of Ward Five storming the polls of Boston in alliance with the cohorts of the Good Government Association is not the least amusing sight that New England has seen for many a day.

Out of approximately 88,000 votes cast Mr. Peters received slightly less than 38,000; Mr. Curley somewhat more than 28,000, and Mr. Gallivan nearly 20,000. The remainder went to Mr. Tague and to a Socialist nominee who drew but a few hundred. What would have happened had the two leading candidates been left to fight it out by themselves there is no way of determining, but it is not probable that in such event Mr. Peters could have won. His easy victory, therefore, has no real significance in demonstrating that a majority of Boston's voters have had a searching of hearts and now want the reformer's brand of city government. The chief lesson to be learned from this election is, not how a reform mayor can be elected, but how an unreformed one may assure his own defeat. When a mayor uses his appointing power, his patronage, his official influence, and a large part of his energies for the obvious purpose of promoting his own political and personal interests, and particularly when he accompanies this with sundry manifestations of worldly prosperity, he takes the risk of promoting disappointment, then envy, then vindictiveness, and finally an open revolt among his erstwhile friends.

Mayor Curley overdid the thing. Not only was his administration of a quality far below what a man of his brains and energy could have made it, but it was so thoroughly factional, and so conspicuously disdainful of all other factions than his own, that undercurrents of resentment were assured. Hence in no quarter did his humiliation give greater satisfaction than in circles where four years ago he had his stanchest friends.

With Mayor Peters at the helm Boston may look forward to bigger and better things. The commercial and industrial interests of the community, the comfort and convenience of its citi-

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zens, will not be subordinated during the next four years to crude partisanship or truculent personal ambitions. Mr. Peters has promised this, and his public record shows him to be a man of his word. Boston, in short, is not reformed, but merely the child of good fortune for the moment.

Cambridge, December 24, 1917. WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO.

PATIENCE WITH RUSSIA

BY NICHOLAS GOLDENWEISER

Dr. Goldenweiser is a member of the Moscow bar and an authorized representative in the United States of the All-Russian Zemstvo Union.—THE EDITORS.

"SHOW no quarter!" This was the famous order given out by the Kaiser to his troops as they were departing for China to crush the Boxer uprising. This order was typical not only of kaiserism, but of the whole attitude of the Europeans towards the Chinese.

A genuinely national movement which resulted a few years later in a successful revolution and the establishment of a Chinese Republic was interpreted by most Europeans and many Americans as a dangerous, if not a criminal, attempt at mob rule.

Russia has not been much better understood than China. China, in the opinion of all Occidentals, stood for Chinese bells, Chinese tea, or Chinese embroideries and porcelains. What did we care or know about Boxers, politics, economics, history, customs, and other tedious items of Chinese life?

Likewise Russia, previous to March, 1917, stood in American opinion for knouting, Cossacks, Siberia, icy winters, samovars, and tallow candles. Since that date it seems to stand almost exclusively for Anarchists, betrayal of the Allied cause, civil war, and German propaganda. Under such conditions, naturally nothing but irritation can be expected with respect to Russia.

Is this attitude a just one? Does America know enough definitely and wholly to condemn? To answer this question intelligently the American reader must understand that it has a two-fold character. On the one hand it concerns the political and economic conditions inside of Russia, and on the other it is related to Russia's international situation. Let me deal with the second phase first.

This war has been often defined as a war of exhaustion. Military experts of all the Allied countries, especially in England, have declared repeatedly that victory over the German war machine will be achieved, not by territorial or strategical advantages, but by the wearing out of this machine by slow but persistent grinding.

If so, Russia has already done more than her total share in the common cause of wearing out the forces of Germany. Russia holds at present over two million Austro-German prisoners. If every one of the great Allied belligerents (the United States, Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan) will do as much, and each of the minor Allied belligerents only one-tenth as much, the Central Empires will lose in war prisoners alone about twelve million men. Plainly the wheels of their war machine will be ground off and will crash in ruin. The participation of the Russian Bear in the war has not only caused Germany and her allies an enormous loss of man power in prisoners and in soldiers killed and permanently disabled, but has also cost them billions of money, untold quantities of war material, an immense amount of energy and vitality, and great tension upon their means of communication brought about by the wide new areas which the Central Empires now have to hold on the north and the east. On the western or French front the Germans have fought at a huge expense of steel and explosives. On the eastern or Russian front they were forced to fight hand to hand and to lavishly spend their man power, for the Russians fought with bayonets against cannon, and they dearly sold every mile of Russian soil. So much for Russia's balance in the accounts of the transaction of the Allies. This balance still stands to her credit, and in justice ought never to be lost sight of.

But Russia has not lost her significance as a military factor for the present or the future. It is logically impossible to conclude a separate peace between Russia and Germany even under the present chaotic conditions in Russia. The Bolsheviki under the leadership of Lenine and Trotsky face a problem which they thoroughly realize even if they are trying to conceal it from the masses of the people. If their control is overthrown by men with an even more "radical" programme, these men will find themselves confronted with the same problem, for to conclude an immediate peace means to disband the army at once—that is, to sap the very life-blood of the revolutionary power. The Revolution was won in March and the Romanoffs overthrown because the great bulk of the army supported the revolutionary movement. Lenine, Trotsky, and Company are promising peace, but they are taking great care not to disband the army or to disarm the soldiery, for they could not last a week unsupported by the moral and physical power of the soldiery. But it is quite evident that so long as any semblance of a Russian army, or even a mere crowd of several millions of armed men, remains in the east, Germany will be unable wholly to withdraw men, munitions, or equipment from the Russian front.

The problem so far as it concerns Germany is complicated by two other factors. The present rulers of Germany cannot possibly agree to a formal peace treaty with an indefinite group of visionary radicals who preach anarchy and who deny any stable organization of the state. And, on the other hand, if the leaders of the Bolsheviki are found to be conferring with members of the German General Staff at Petrograd, there will, in my judgment, be a strong reaction among the Russian masses against the political adventurers who under a false pretense of serving their country summon the help of the invaders of Russian soil. All these facts must be considered before an intelligent judgment can be formed of the present international influence of Russia on the war.

Let us now briefly consider the second part of the problem—that is to say, the social and political forces that are within Russia's own boundaries.

What are the Bolsheviki, and what will be their future influence on Russian domestic politics? A mob, even while acting as one man under the impulse of a strong emotion, can never be regarded as expressing the whole definite, collected will of all its participants. Mobs are the product of some terrible, unreasoning emotion. When that emotion has spent itself in the attainment of its specific object, the mob quickly transforms itself again into a gathering of law-abiding, reasonable citizens seeking order and looking for a legally established authority to guide and co-ordinate its conduct. This was true of the French Revolution. It will be true of the Russian Revolution.

In Russia, as everywhere else, there is a class of intellectual people trained and educated in various walks of civilized social life who are the natural and the only possible leaders in a state organism. They must and they will come into their own. Their advent to power is merely a question of time. As long as there are crowds of credulous individuals who easily absorb all kinds of noisy verbosity, taking it at its face value, there will be a chance for soap-box orators to persuade the masses to try out some new, promising political and social experiments. But as soon as these experiments have been transformed into bitter experience and have led directly to the punishment of hunger, misery, and general chaos, the flippant crowd will overturn the soap-boxes and flock in utter despondency to the guidance of those leaders who have proved their capacity to bring back the lost bliss of law and order and the means of satisfying the first necessities of life.

The thoughtful, studious, and loyal elements of Russia must not be deprived of the possibility of offering to the masses the blessings of an orderly state organism. If, in a not unnatural impatience with and distrust of the Bolsheviki, the Allies should cut off Russia from any aid in money and supplies, they will only drive the Russian masses to despair, and will force them to grasp the nearest hand stretched out to them with the offer of appeasing their hunger and covering their shivering bodies.

Whereas by encouraging and supporting the ever-growing

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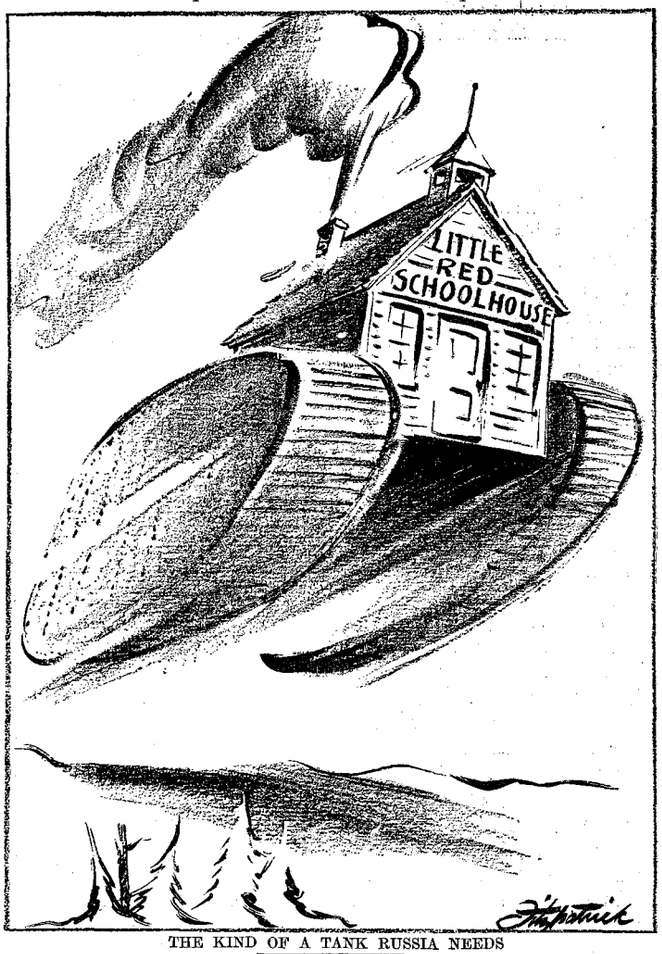
Braakensiek in De Amsterdammer (Amsterdam)

THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTIONARIES—THE WOLVES THAT EAT EACH OTHER UP

A DUTCH VIEW OF THE INHERENT WEAKNESS OF THE BOLSHEVIKI

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch



THE KIND OF A TANK RUSSIA NEEDS

AN AMERICAN SOLUTION OF RUSSIA'S TROUBLES

From L'Asino (Rome)

ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT

The German to the Russian extremist: "Thanks for the help you are giving our army in . . . Italy."

THE BOLSHEVIK MOVEMENT AS SEEN FROM AN ITALIAN POINT OF VIEW

From the Westminster Gazette (London)

A MOMENT'S RELIEF

Quaking Quince: "Bless thee, Bottom, thou art translated! B-b-bless thee!"

THE KAISER'S "MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"—THE RUSSIAN BEAR WEARS THE BOLSHEVIK ASS'S HEAD—AS AN ENGLISH CARTOONIST SEES IT

FOREIGN AND AMERICAN CARTOONS ON THE RUSSIAN SITUATION

enterprise of the patriotic and wise elements within Russia to suppress the rule of anarchy, the Allied Governments will at the very least maintain within Russia a strong and effective opposition to any settlement with Germany, and thus force the Central Empires to go on expending a great amount of energy, man power, and munitions in the Russian struggle.

The picture of a great country suddenly aroused from centuries of political twilight sleep and swayed in its bewilderment by a few visionaries and demagogues, assisted by the agents of a military foe, should inspire not anger but sympathy. What a new-born Russian democracy, which finds itself hard pressed amid the throes of birth needs to-day, if it is to be firmly established in liberty and justice, is compassionate and fraternal help from the great democracy of the Western Hemisphere.

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A MESSAGE IN FLANDERS

THE CURÉ, THE COLONEL, AND A PIANO

BY J. M. DE BEAUFORT

AUTHOR OF "BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL," "BELGIAN MEMORIES;" LATE WAR CORRESPONDENT OF THE LONDON "DAILY TELEGRAPH"

THE Forty-third Battery of the Belgian Artillery had gone *en repos*. For four days we were to be at the village of Steenkerke (stone church), situated about five miles behind Dixmude. Four days of comparative peace; four days of real, warm food, of plenty of water—for bathing, with plenty of soap; and, last but not least, with plenty of sleep.

We were billeted in a place which was a combination of dugout and farm-house. The dugout was necessary, as we were within reach of the German guns before Dixmude.

Now let me say at once that dugouts are not always as bad as they are cracked down to be. Take ours, for instance. We had three beds and enough straw for six of us; we had a real table and real chairs—instead of old munition boxes; we had—ah, guess!

The mere thought of what else we had in that dugout can give me even to-day a feeling of happy satisfaction. It was a real, honest-to-goodness piano! None of us could play it—except the Colonel, and he only by courtesy—but we all tried. The many musical evenings we had, now and then with a real artist present, some itinerant soldier-musician who in pre-war days had delighted larger—but surely not more appreciative—audiences in Paris, New York, London, or Monte Carlo. Even the great Ysaye once played for us, accompanied on our old friend. Yes, I guess that piano earned its purchase price if ever a piano did. Alas! like so many other things in Belgium these days, it was "Made in Germany." But, German or not, it gave us many a happy hour, and of one particular occasion, when its notes gave us the thrill of our lives, I am going to tell you about.

One evening during the early part of April, 1917, Monsieur le Curé, shepherd of Steenkerke, was our guest for dinner. In the days before the war the Curé had been a professor at the University of Louvain, but on account of his somewhat too liberal views he was transferred to the peace and quiet of Steenkerke, at the end of nowhere. What a charming, dear old chap he was, our friend le Curé! He seemed to carry warmth and sunshine wherever he went. Needless to say, we always heartily welcomed him at our simple mess.

The dinner had reached the coffee and pipe stage, and, as the Germans were about due to start their evening hate, we all descended into our underground "salon."

Our pipes were lit, our feet stretched out near the impromptu fireplace, and we felt so comfortable and satisfied that we did not even mind Captain Petit's snoring. We were discussing a very popular topic—America's course. Was she going to join actively in the war or was she merely going to leave matters as they stood—broken diplomatic relations? Naturally, as in every community, large or small, we had our pessimists and our optimists. Let me hasten to say that I always belonged to the optimist class as far as America was concerned, and—let me emphasize it—always shall belong. I have no patience with this talk about American slackers, American cannot-get-ready-ness, and many other American shortcomings. Except for her fleet, England was far less prepared in August, 1914, than we were in April, 1917. See what she accomplished in two short years! Her armies in France were in 1916, and are to-day, man for man and regiment for regiment, better than any army Germany ever had in the field or ever will have. In 1916, at the end of July, the "London Scottish," a regiment made up of former London bank clerks, shop assistants, laborers, college men, etc., wiped out seventy per cent of the famous Potsdam guards—professional soldiers, mark you! And none of those English chaps had ever done the "goose-step" in their lives.

What England can do in two years we, with our industrial and natural resources, our energies, our "take-off-your-coat-roll-up-your-sleeves-get-busy" slogans, our inventive genius, our fighting spirit, can do in less than half that time.

AND WE ARE GOING TO DO IT

But I am digressing.

For many, many weary months I had listened to the arguments of optimists and pessimists, and those who knew of my American affiliations asked me almost daily: "What is America going to do? Is she coming to help us? Is she going to stand by little Belgium?" The exact arguments I used matter not to-day, they are old history by now, but I may say that again and again I assured my good friends "over there" that America had always done the right thing in the end, and *would do it this time*.

All of a sudden, about 11 P. M. I should judge, we heard loud knocking at the street door upstairs. Unconsciously every one of us moved his right hand towards his hip. Presently we heard a deep Flemish voice saying: "*Orders van het Hoofdkwartier.*" (Despatches from Headquarters.) "*Sapristi!*" exclaimed the Colonel; "what may that be?" You see the ordinary daily despatches from Headquarters usually arrive before 8 P. M., so as to give every C. O. an opportunity to have next day's orders copied and distributed among the various units under his command.

Presently the Colonel's orderly showed in a mud-begrimed despatch rider, who, after saluting, handed the Colonel a sealed envelope. We were all electrified and could hardly wait to hear the news contained in this urgent despatch.

The Colonel, drawing a little closer to him one of the bottles holding a lighted candle, tore open the envelope and proceeded to read.

Heavens, what a long time did he study that paper! Was he ever going to share the news with us? We tried to read it from his eyes. Was it good or was it bad? Were we to "attack at dawn," or did it mean "retreat"? Perhaps it contained news about his son, who was reported "missing" in October, 1914, and whom he would not believe dead. But the Colonel was slow to solve our questions. For what seemed to us an interminably long time he sat there staring at that sheet of white paper. The old alarm clock on the table ticked the seconds, and I wondered whether it was not my heart that was beating so loudly. At last he showed some signs of action. The Colonel had sat down in order to be near the light; now he rose. For a second or so longer he stood there with large, wide-opened eyes staring straight in front of him, and then he announced, in a slow and trembling voice:

"GENTLEMEN, AMERICA IS OUR ALLY."

Now we understood what had kept him so long. America our ally! Could it be true? Yes, it was; it came officially from Headquarters. It thrilled us through heart and soul. It seemed that up and down the land of Flanders, of England, across the whole world, there must have reverberated the message: "America, America is our ally. America has come at last."

No one here at home can possibly realize the effect of those words, the impression they made in Belgium, in France.

I don't know how long the silence lasted, but I know that the ten of us stood there like statues, transfixed for a long time.

I am not trying to grow poetic, to make fine phrases; let me assure you, it is no abuse of language, no hyperbole, when I tell you that those four little words sounded to us like a message from heaven. For two and a half years we had been looking west, wondering, watching, waiting. For two and a half years the best manhood of Belgium, France, and England had succumbed on the plains and in the lowlands of Flanders; for two and a half years men, women, and children, many of them homeless, without food, dressed in rags, had been asking me, "Ah, monsieur, what about that grand contree, America, which you tell us is always fair and always just? When is it coming to help us; to free us?"

And here was the answer. April the 6th. O God, to have lived on that day and among those people makes life seem worth all sufferings!

Again the Colonel spoke.

"Gentlemen, we must commemorate this greatest of all days." And, addressing the Curé, he said: "And you, Monsieur le Curé, you must celebrate with us. I know your habits, but I am going to beg of you to-day to make an exception, because I

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want you to drink with us to-night the health of our new, our grand ally—America."

And the dear old Curé, his eyes all aglow, his long white locks illuminated by the candle-light, replied: "Yes, *mon Colonel*, yes, certainly, and with all my heart will I drink with you to-night; but"—and then he rose—"if you will pardon me for a few moments, perhaps I can bring something that will add to this wonderful occasion."

He left us, and we, the younger ones, got busy to open a few bottles of *vin ordinaire*. The Curé did not keep us waiting long. Presently he returned, followed by a Belgian soldier. The man, who evidently had been instructed beforehand, at once went to the piano.

The ten of us rose, and as we stood round the table, bareheaded, our glasses lifted, there suddenly sounded through the dugout, and—I think I can speak for my friends as well as for myself—through our hearts, the strains of "The Star-Spangled Banner."

Ah, what do you people here at home know of that melody? What do you know of the message of hope, promise, courage, and inspiration it carries? I had heard it often before; I have heard it many times since; but never, never have I heard it under just such wonderful, gripping, and moving circumstances as there in that dugout "Somewhere in Flanders." I can only say that it seemed to us like a melody of heaven, like a chant of angels.

The pessimists had disappeared. We were ALL optimists now, and till late in the night we sat there and laughed at the whining German shells above our heads. "Bah!" we thought; "you have done your worst now. You cannot harm us any more. Is not America our ally?"

And the next day and the next week? Why, on everybody's face there had come that expression of relief, and often it was expressed in words. They were:

"No matter what happens now, whether the war lasts one year more, two years, or five years, nothing ill can happen to us again; there can be only one ending—victory, because—ah, because—

"AMERICA IS OUR ALLY."

SENSE—COMMON AND PREFERRED

BY IRVING BACHELLER[1]

THERE are two kinds of superiority—real and inherited. All the troubles of this world have come of inherited superiority. Of all the defects that flesh is heir to, inherited superiority is the most deplorable. It is worse than insanity or idiocy or curvature of the spine. There are millions of acres of land in Europe occupied by nothing but inherited superiority; there are millions of hands and intellects in Europe occupied by nothing but inherited superiority, while billions of wealth have been devoted to its service and embellishment. A man who has even a small amount of it needs a force of porters and footmen to help him carry it around, and a guard to keep watch for fear that some one will grab his superiority and run off with it when his back is turned.

A full equipment of inherited superiority, decorated with a title, a special dialect, a lot of old armor and university junk, stuck out so that there wasn't room for more than one outfit in a township. Most of the bloodshed has been caused by the blunders or the hoggishness of inherited superiority. It is the nursing bottle of insanity and the Mellin's Food of crime.

There are two kinds of sense in men—common and preferred, plain and fancy. The common has become the great asset of mankind; the preferred its great liability. Our forefathers had large holdings of the common, certain kings and their favorites of the preferred. The preferred represented an immense bulk of inherited superiority and an alleged pipe line leading from the king's throne to paradise, and connected with the fount of every blessing by the best religious plumbers. It always drew dividends, whether the common got anything or not. The preferred holders ran the plant and insisted that they held a first mortgage on it. When they tried to foreclose with military power to back them, some of our forefathers got out.

We, their sons, are now crossing the seas to take up that ancient issue between sense common and preferred and to determine the rights of each. We are fighting for the foundations of democracy—the dictates of common sense.

For the sake of saving time, I hope my readers will grant me license to resort to the economy of slang. A man might do worse these days. There is one great destroyer of common sense. It is hot air. Now hot air has been the favorite dissipation of kings. James the First was one of the world's great consumers of hot air. He and his family and friends took all that Great Britain could produce—never, I am glad to say, a large amount, but enough to put James into business with the Almighty. To be sure, it was not a full partnership. It was no absolute Hohenzollern monopoly of mortal participation. It was comparatively modest, but it was enough to outrage the common sense of the English. After all, divine partnerships were not for the land of Fielding and Smollett and Swift and Dickens and Thackeray. Too much humor there. Too much liberty of the tongue and pen. Too great a gift for ridicule. Where there is ridicule there can be no self-appointed counselors of God, and hand-made halos of divinity find their way to the garbage heap.

Now, if we are to have sound common sense, we must have humor, and if we are to have humor we must have liberty. There can be no crowned or mitered knave, no sacred, fawning idiot, who is immune from ridicule; no little tin deities who can safely slash you with a sword unless you give them the whole of the sidewalk. Humor would take care of them; not the exuberance that is born in the wine-press or the beer-vat—humor is no by-product of the brewery—but the merriment that comes when common sense has been vindicated by ridicule.

Solemnity is often wedded to Conceit, and their children have committed all the crimes on record. You may always look for the devil in the neighborhood of some solemn and conceited ass who has inherited power and who, like the one that Balaam rode, speaks for the Almighty. So, when the devil came back, he steered for Germany. There he began to destroy the common sense of a race with the atmosphere of hell—hot air. We have seen its effect. It inflates the intellect. It produces the pneumatic rubber brain—the brain that keeps its friends busy with the pump of adulation; the brain stretched to hold its conceit, out of which we can hear the hot air leaking in streams of boastfulness. The divine afflatus of an emperor is apt to make as much disturbance as a leaky steam-pipe. When the pumpers cease because they are weary, it becomes irritated. Then all hands to the pumps again. Soon there is no illusion of grandeur too absurd to be real, no indictment of idiotic presumption which it is unwilling to admit.

By and by it breaks into the realm of the infinite and hastens to the succor of God, for, to the pneumatic brain, God is slow and old-fashioned. Thereafter it infests the heavenly throne and seeks to turn it into a plant for the manufacture of improved morals, and, so as to insure their popularity, every agent for these morals is to carry a sword and a gun and a license to use them. The alleged improvement consists in taking all the nots out of the ten commandments. Nots are irritating to certain people who have plans for murder, rape, arson, and piracy. Hohenzollern and Krupp had taken the Lord into partnership and begun to give Him lessons in efficiency. Moreover, they were not to be free lessons. The lessons were to be paid for, but they were willing to give Him easy terms, for which they were to show Him how to hasten the slow process of evolu-

[1] Mr. Bacheller is the author of "Eben Holden," "Dri and I," "Keeping up with Lizzie," "The Light in the Clearing," and other well-known novels characteristic of American life, spirit, and humor. This paper on Common Sense, which seems to us to be an unusual and happy blending of humorous satire and deep sentiment, is the substance of an address made by Mr. Bacheller at the one hundred and twelfth Festival Dinner of the New England Society of New York City, held at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel on the evening of December 22.—THE EDITORS.

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tion. Evolution was hindered and delayed by sentiment and emotion.

Sentiment and emotion were a needless inheritance. Hohenzollern and Krupp proposed to cut them out of life and abolish tears. Tears consumed the time and strength of the people. They were factors of inefficiency. What was the use of crying over spilled milk and dead people? Tears were in the nature of a luxury. The poor could not afford them. Life was not going to be lived any longer—it was to be conducted. It was to be a kind of a hurried Cook's tour. Nobody would have to think or feel. All that would be attended to by the proper official. Life was to be reduced to a merciless iron plan like that of the beehive—the most perfect example of efficiency in nature, with its two purposes of storage and race perpetuation. No one ever saw a bee shedding tears or worrying about the murder of a drone. The ideal of Germany was to be that of the insect. To the bee there is nothing in the world but bees, enemies, and the nectar in flowers; to the German there was to be nothing in the world but Germans, enemies, and loot. With no wall of pity and sentiment between them and other races they could rain showers of bursting lyddite on the unsuspecting, and after that the will of the Kaiser and God would be respected. The firm would prosper. It is not the first time that conceit and Kultur have hitched their wagon to infinity. It is the old scheme of Nero and Caligula—the ancient dream of the pneumatic prince. He can rule a great nation, but first he must fool it. . . .

You may think that this endangered the national morals, but do not be hasty. The morals were being looked after.

Every school, every pulpit, every newspaper, every book, became a pumping-station for hot air impregnated with the new morals. Poets, philosophers, orators, teachers, statesmen, romancers, were summoned to the pumps. Rivers of beer and wine flowed into the national abdomen and were converted into mental and moral flatulency.

For thirty years Germany had been on a steady dream diet. It took its morning hate with its coffee and prayers, its hourly self-contentment with its toil, its evening superiority with its beer and frankfurters. History was falsified, philosophy bribed, religion coerced and corrupted, conscience silenced—at first by sophistry, then by the iron hand. Hot air was blowing from all sides. It was no gentle breeze. It was a simoom, a tornado. No one could stand before it—not even a sturdy Liebknecht or an unsullied Harden.

Germany was inebriated with a sense of its mental grandeur and moral pulchritude. Now moral pulchritude is like a forest flower. It cannot stand the fierce glare of publicity; you cannot handle it as you would handle sausages and dye and fertilizer. Observe how the German military party is advertising its moral pulchritude—one hundred per cent pure, blue ribbon, *spurlos versenkt*, honest-to-God morality!—the kind that made hell famous. I don't blame them at all. How would any one know that they had it if they did not advertise it?

It is easy to accept the hot-air treatment for common sense—easy even for sober-minded men. The cocaine habit is not more swiftly acquired and brings a like sense of comfort and exhilaration. Slowly the Germans yielded to its sweet inducement. They began to believe that they were supermen—the chosen people; they thanked God that they were not like other men. Their first crime was that of grabbing everything in the heaven of holy promise. Those clever Prussians had arranged with St. Peter for all the reserved seats—nothing but standing room left. Heaven was to be a place exclusively for the lovers of frankfurters and sauerkraut and Limburger cheese. God was altogether their God. Of course! Was he not a member of the firm of Hohenzollern & Krupp? And, being so, other races were a bore and an embarrassment. Would he not gladly be rid of them? Certainly. Other races were God's enemies, and therefore German enemies. So it became the right and duty of the Germans to reach out and possess the earth and its fullness. The day had arrived. There was nothing in the world but Germans and enemies and loot.

Their great leader, in their name, had claimed a swinish monopoly of God's favor. His was not the contention of James the First, that all true kings enjoy divine right—oh, not at all! Bill had grown rather husky and had got his feet in the trough, and was going to crowd the others out of it. *He* was the one and only. And as he crowded, he began to pray, and his prayers came out of lips which had confessed robbery and violated good faith and inspired deeds of inhuman frightfulness. His prayers were therefore nothing more nor less than hot air aimed at the ear of the Almighty and carrying with them the flavor of the swine-yard. In all this Church and people stood by him. It would seem that the devil had taken both unto a high mountain and showed them the kingdoms of the earth and their glory, and that they had yielded to his blandishments.

Now the thing that has happened to the criminal is this. In one way or another, he loses his common sense. He ceases to see things in their just relations and proportions. The difference between right and wrong dwindles and disappears from his vision. He convinces himself that he has a right to at least a part of the property of other people. Often he acquires a comic sense of righteousness.

I have lately been in the devastated regions of northern France. I have seen whole cities of no strategic value which the German armies had destroyed by dynamite before leaving them in a silence like that of the grave—the slow-wrought walls of old cathedrals and public buildings tumbled into hopeless ruin; the château, the villas, the little houses of the poor, shaken into heaps of moldering rubbish. And I see in it a sign of that greater devastation which covers the land of William II—the devastation of the spirit of the German people; for where is that moral grandeur of which Heine and Goethe and Schiller and Luther were the far-heard compelling voices? I tell you it has all been leveled into heaps of moldering rubbish—a thousand times more melancholy than any in France.

Behold the common sense of Germany become the sense that is common only among criminals! The sooner we recognize that, the better. They are really burglars in this great house of God we inhabit, seeking to rob it of its best possessions—Hindenburglars! In this war we must give them the consideration due a burglar, and only that. We must hit them how and where we may. We are bound by no nice regard for fair play. We must kill the burglar or the burglar will kill us.

When I went away to the battle-front, a friend said to me: "Try to learn how this incredible thing came about and why it continues. That is what every one wishes to know."

Well, hot air was the cause of it. Now why does it continue? My answer is, Bone-head—mostly plumed bone-head.

Think of those diplomats who were twenty years in Germany and yet knew nothing of what was going on around them and of its implications! You say that they did know, and that they warned their peoples? Well, then, you may shift the bone-heads onto other shoulders. Think of the diplomatic failures that have followed!

I bow my head to the people of England and to the incomparable valor of her armies and fleets. My friendly criticism is aimed at the one and only point in which she could be said to resemble Germany, viz., in a certain limited encouragement of supermen.

Now, if the last three years have taught us anything, it is this: the superman is going to be unsupered. Considering the high cost of upkeep and continuous adulation, he does not pay. He is in the nature of a needless tax upon human life and security. His mistakes, even to use no harsher word, have slaughtered more human beings than there are in the world. The born gentleman and professional aristocrat, with a hot-air receiver on his name, who lives in a tower of inherited superiority and looks down at life through hazy distance with a telescope, has and can have no common sense. . . . He has not that intimate knowledge of human nature which comes only of a long and close contact with human beings. Without that knowledge he will know no more of what is in the other fellow's mind and the bluff that covers it in a critical clash of wits than a baby sucking its bottle in a perambulator. He fails, and the cost of his failure no man can estimate. He stands discredited. . . .

Now is the time when all men must choose between two ideals: That of the proud and merciless heart on the one hand, that of the humble and contrite heart on the other; between the Hun and the Anglo-Saxon, between Jesus Christ and the devil. Faced by such an issue, I declare myself ready to lay all that I have or may have on the old altar of our common faith.

My friends, be of good cheer. The God of our Fathers has

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not been Kaisered or Krupped or hurried in the least. There is no danger that heaven will be Teutonized.

"The shouting and the tumult dies—
The captains and the kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of hosts, be with *us* yet,
Lest *we* forget—lest we forget."

Lest we forget the innumerable dead who have nobly died, and the host of the living who with a just and common sense and love of honor have sent them forth to die. Lest we forget that we and our allies have not been above reproach; that there were signs of decadence among us—in the growing love of ease and idleness, in the tango dance of literature and lust, in the exaltation of pleasure, in a very definite degeneration of our moral fiber.

Lest we forget that our spirit is being purified in the furnace of war and the shadow of death. Do you remember the protest of those poilus when some unclean plays were sent to the battle-front for their entertainment?

"We are not pigs"—that was the message they sent back.

Lest we forget that the spirit of man has been lifted up out of the mud and dust of the battle-lines, out of the body tortured with pain and weariness and vermin, out of the close companionship of the dead into high association on the bloody altar of liberty and sacrifice.

Lest we forget that the spirit of our own boys shall be thus lifted up, and our duty to put our house in order and make it a fit place for them to live in when they shall have returned to it from battlefields swept, as a soldier has written, by the cleansing winds of God.

The most sublime and beautiful thing the world has ever seen is the common sense of the common men and women of the civilized nations of to-day.

SHOULD AUSTRIA-HUNGARY BE DISSOLVED?

BY PIERRE DE LANUX

Millions of the subjects of Austria-Hungary, with which we are at war, are openly our allies. There are thousands of subjects of Austria-Hungary in this country who are technically enemy aliens, but who are eager to fight against Austria-Hungary for the liberation of their oppressed compatriots. Are we to tell these people in Austria-Hungary and in our own land that they and their subjugated fellows shall remain under the yoke? This article gives facts that will help to answer that question. The author has traveled, as student, as war correspondent, and as Chief of Section in the French Ambulance Service successively, five times through Austria-Hungary and the Balkans. He is author of a volume on Serbia and the Southern Slavs entitled "Le Yougoslavie" (published by Payot, Paris, 1916), and of a volume entitled "Young France and the New America" (published by the Macmillan Company, New York, December, 1917).—THE EDITORS.

IF you ask an Englishman what his nation is he will answer, "England." A Spaniard will say, "Spain." A German will say, "Germany." But if you ask a subject of Emperor Carl, "What is your nationality?" he will tell you, "Rumanian," or "Slovak," or "Pole," or something else. And if you ask, "Who is your Sovereign?" he will have to say, "The King of Hungary." "And where does he live?" "In Austria."

In such a country there is intense national feeling for the provincial group or the racial family—there is none for the Empire itself. How could there be? Let me tell of a little typical Austro-Hungarian incident which occurred during a battle. An Austrian archduke, surrounded by his staff, which included officers from various provinces, was watching a critical movement of the day. A soldier came running up, and, waving his arm, explained something which seemed to be of great importance. The archduke, who spoke only German, turned to his chief of staff, who was a Magyar, and said: "I suppose this man is speaking Hungarian. Do translate his words to me." The chief of staff listened, and said: "I don't get a word, and I understand Croatian also. Maybe it is Rumanian dialect." He turned to an aide-de-camp:

"You are a Latin, and can understand this, can't you?"

"General, this man is neither Rumanian nor Italian."

A Czech officer was not happier, nor was the Polish doctor who accompanied the staff. After trying two or three more nationalities, the archduke had to give up and send the man to some professional interpreter at the rear to have his message translated. Evidently some province of the monarchy was not represented on the staff, and that soldier was disloyal enough to have been been born there—luckily for the enemy, too.

Let us look at a map. This will tell more than a long text. I mean a map showing the boundaries of language as spoken by the majority of the people in a given region. Language there corresponds rather accurately to national traditions, customs, and aspirations. So this is a map of the real nationalities in Austria-Hungary; moreover, the term "nationality" is officially used.

But, instead of normal federation with rights equal for all, what we find is a "dual monarchy" under the scepter of the Emperor of Austria, also King of Hungary. These two ruling groups, the Germans of Austria and the Magyars of Hungary, who together do not represent forty-four per cent of the total population, are in control of the whole by a system of hegemony which has persisted until our times from the remote epochs of Middle-Age feudalism. While Germany (with the exception of Alsace-Lorraine, the Poles, and the Danes) is German, speaks German, and wants its unity, each fraction of the Austrian Empire wants autonomy and works for it. All the forces acting there are forces of disintegration.

How did such an aggregate stand together so long? And how are those millions of men still fighting for a system that they reject? There are two main reasons—one interior, the other exterior.

What first created Austria-Hungary was the danger of the Turks, who were still powerful and conquering in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. All Christian forces united against the common foe. The Hapsburg dynasty then managed to centralize all leadership, and for that purpose it divided and excited against each other the various groups; the Government of Vienna always knew how to rouse the fears and hostilities in such a manner that petty struggles and local antagonisms were substituted for the normal evolution of the political parties.

On the other hand, there were the powerful action of Germany, which wanted to keep her influence in the East; the presence of Russia, which did not tolerate the dismemberment of autocracies; and the consent of Europe, which was afraid of a general conflagration in case Austria-Hungary should go to pieces.

These two series of reasons have maintained the Empire until the present epoch; it is like a paradox, an animal from antediluvian times, in the midst of a modern society of nations. What is its condition to-day, and how did the European war affect it?

On the eve of the war, in 1914, Austria-Hungary was rapidly running toward decomposition, and we have not to look further for an immediate cause of the war itself. Here was a large country, indispensable to Germany for her policy in the East, in which the spirit of emancipation had rapidly taken on alarming proportions. The eight million Czechs in Bohemia and Moravia had always been a fighting, indomitable group. The Serbian victories in the Balkan Wars of 1912 and 1913 had stimulated the spirit of independence among the southern Slavs, who all speak the Serbian language and are of Serbian race. Austria sent her ultimatum to Serbia in July, 1914, because she could no more resist the separatist tendencies of her own people, and she needed to crush their hopes by crushing the little independent nation with which they wanted to unite. So many other factors have interposed since then that one easily forgets that this was the direct cause of the world war.

Austria-Hungary suffered heavily from the war; when left to herself, she was successively invaded by the Russians in Galicia, by the Serbians in Bosnia, by the Italians in Carniola, by the Rumanians in Transylvania. But each time the German help came in time and the defeat was followed by some vic-

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Taken together, this map (drawn for The Outlook) and this cartoon (reprinted by courtesy of the Chicago "Herald," for which it was drawn) graphically describe the artificial political creature called Austria-Hungary. Each of the groups indicated on the map by distinctive markings has a language, a tradition, a tissue of custom and ideals, of its own. The Bohemians, dwelling in a fertile land, have been a liberty-loving people. They and the Slovaks belong together. Their cousins, the southern Slavs, are also lovers of liberty; and those within this Empire belong (as the arrows on the map indicate) with the southern Slavs outside the Empire—namely, the Serbians and Montenegrins. To the east the Rumans of Transylvania (as an arrow there also indicates) belong with the Rumans of Rumania. The Austrian Poles belong with the Poles under other yokes; and the Ruthenes belong with those of Russia. As the cartoonist indicates, these people are all harnessed to the chariot of Pan-Germany. The German Kaiser drives; but lets the Emperor of Austria sit beside him as a footman. The man who drew this picture, Otakar Valasek, the Chicago "Herald's" chief cartoonist, is a Bohemian, and he knew what he was drawing. He is thirty-two years old, and has been in this country fifteen years.

Of the peoples of Austria-Hungary the following are the round figures according to the official census of 1910:

Austria, 28 millions:

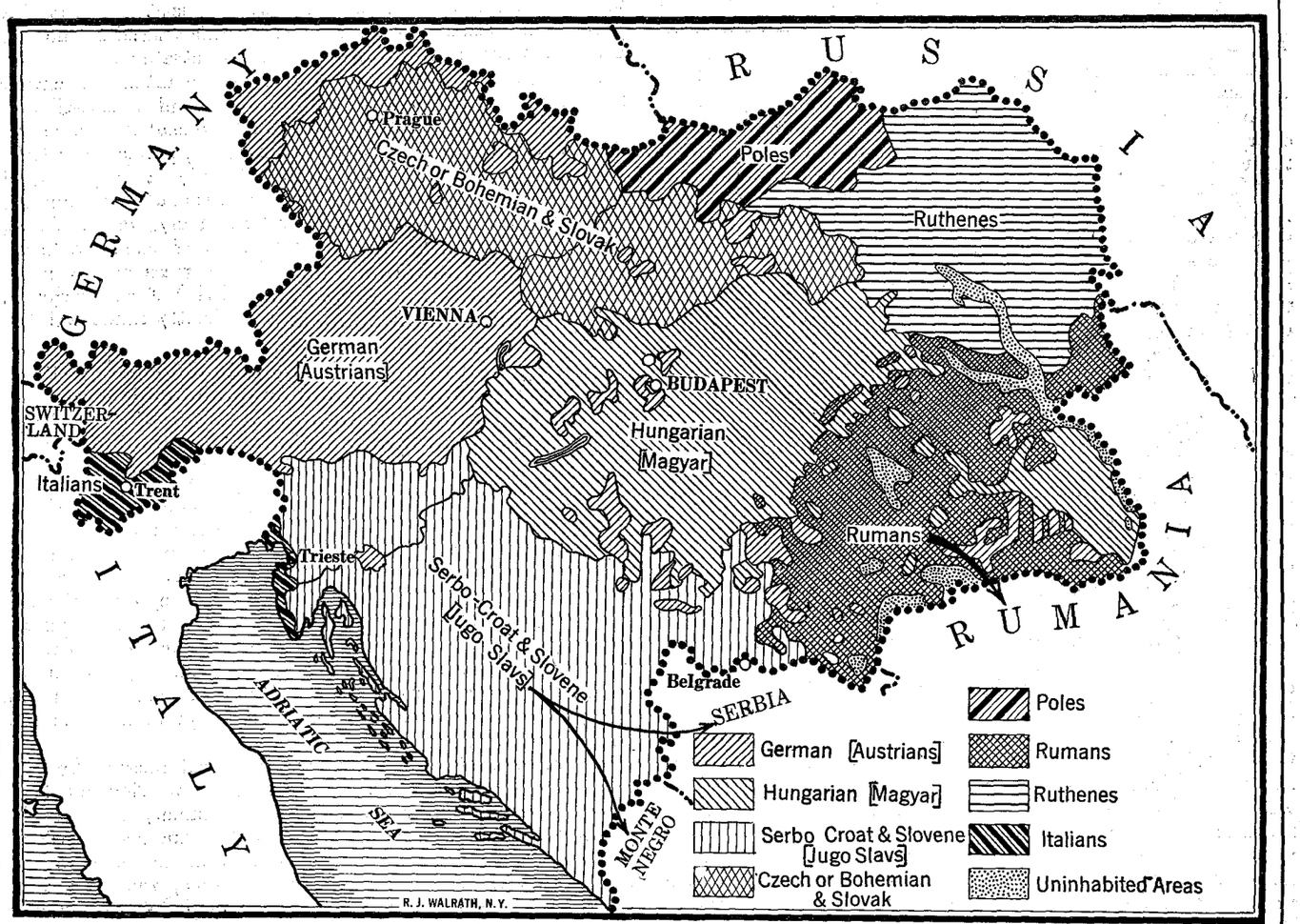
Germans	10	millions
Slavs, 17 millions: Czechs	6½	millions
Slavs, 17 millions: Poles	5	millions
Slavs, 17 millions: Ruthenes	3½	millions
Slavs, 17 millions: Jugoslavs	2	millions
Italians and Rumans	1	million

Hungary, with Bosnia, Herzogivina, 22½ millions:

Magyars	10	millions
Slavs, 7½ millions: Slovaks	2	millions
Slavs, 7½ millions: Jugoslavs	5	millions
Slavs, 7½ millions: Ruthenes	½	million
Germans	2	millions
Rumans	3	millions

Total number for Austria-Hungary:

Germans	12	millions
Magyars	10	millions
Slavs, 24½ millions: Czecho-Slovaks	8½	millions
Slavs, 24½ millions: Jugoslavs	7	millions
Slavs, 24½ millions: Poles	5	millions
Slavs, 24½ millions: Ruthenes	4	millions
Latins (Rumans and Italians)	4	millions



AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND ITS SUBJUGATED PEOPLES

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torious blow at the invader who was bringing freedom to his brothers inside the monarchy. To-day the Austrian territory is practically recovered, at a terrible cost. But what is the internal situation of the Empire?

First, let us try to sum up the claims of the various national parties.

The Czechs are a typical example of national resistance. Living in Bohemia (Austria), they want to form, together with the Slovaks of Hungary, an independent state. For a long time they had disagreements with other Slavic groups on matters of political tactics. But now they seem to march hand in hand with the Jugoslavs.

The Jugoslavs (or southern Slavs) include the Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes, living in the provinces of Bosnia, Dalmatia, Croatia, etc. There are seven millions within the limits of the monarchy. Their groups had been working separately for a long time toward autonomy and unity with Serbia and Montenegro. Now they have come to a completely common programme, and their claim has been expressed in the Declaration of Corfu (1916) by their delegates who had escaped from Austria-Hungary and by the present Serbian Government. One may say that the Declaration of Corfu has created, or rather revealed, a large western nation including more than twelve million souls. Count Tisza, when Hungarian Premier, tried to have the Croatian Diet disavow this declaration. Not one Deputy was willing to do so.

The Poles have been the most conciliatory to Vienna. Their condition was better than the condition of the Poles in Germany and Russia, because the Austrian Government was using them to maintain the balance against other parties. But they are Poles first. They show more and more distrust of the Government, and protest against the military requisitions imposed upon their country (Galicia), which has had so much to suffer from war and invasion.

The Rumanians who have been oppressed for years by the Hungarians had a moment of great hope when the armies of Rumania invaded their territory. That hope vanished when Rumania had to retreat.

The Ruthenes have claimed unity with the Ukrainians from Russia, who belong to the same race.

As for the Italians, the "Irredenti" of Trieste and the Trentino, everybody knows the fervor of their desire to be united with their brothers from Italy.

We come now to the two ruling groups, Germans and Magyars. One thing binds them, and one thing only; it is their common enterprise of subjugation over other races. Otherwise they have only motives for disagreement. Hungarians have fought for their independence against the Austrians. But to-day they refuse to the other races, more fiercely than the Germans themselves, the freedom that they have been claiming for themselves. There have been during the war some tendencies towards federalization in the policy of Austrian rulers. Count Tisza, in Budapest, then asked in a tragic tone, "Is everything permitted in Austria?" A source of bitter anxiety also is the financial situation. The Empire has been made so absolutely dependent on Germany that should Germany withdraw her help there would be immediate disaster. Meanwhile the Austrian exchange is far below the German one in neutral countries.

Nevertheless Austrians and Magyars possess hegemony and cling to it. And as it became impossible to maintain it in the present crisis, they had to carry on *war against their own subjects*. This is no exaggeration if we look at the facts:

Among civilians alone, as early as January, 1916, the "Neues Wiener Tageblatt" announced a total of 3,463 capital executions of Austro-Hungarian citizens (800 in Bosnia, 720 in Bohemia). Of course this was only the beginning.

In Bohemia "the most notorious case of military disaffection is that of the Twenty-eighth Czech Regiment (the 'Children of Prague'), which left for the front singing a famous Panslav hymn which contains a verse in honor of the Russians and French as friends against the Germans. They also carried a banner bearing an inscription to the effect that 'we are marching against the Russians, but nobody knows why.' At an early opportunity the regiment passed over, officers and men together, to the Russians. On April 17, 1915, an army order was issued proclaiming its disgrace and temporary dissolution. Similar incidents occurred in the Eighth, Thirtieth, Eighty-eighth, and One Hundred and Second Regiments, and in the Eleventh Regiment of Landwehr. Decimation has been frequent, and if the number of military executions ever becomes known it will be found to have reached an appalling figure. More than one Czech regiment is virtually interned in Hungary as unreliable, and meanwhile Bohemia has been garrisoned by Magyar troops." (From "The New Europe," January 4, 1917.) And if this needs confirmation, we find it in the enemy press itself. On October 30, 1917, the Hungarian paper "Budapesti Hirlap" said: "The Czechs must learn that the Entente Allies will never be victorious, for the Czech policy is founded upon the Entente victory." In May and June, 1916, alone, seventy-eight Czech periodicals were suppressed, and the reading of Tolstoy and Emerson, among others, was forbidden.

In Transylvania the Rumanian subjects of the monarchy, as we said, live under Hungarian oppression (in twenty years over three hundred and fifty Rumanian intellectuals were condemned to over one hundred and fifty years of imprisonment for "incitement against the Hungarian nation"). By some clever electoral disposition, only five Deputies represent three and one-half million Rumanians at the Hungarian Parliament. In October, 1917, one of them, Pop Csicso, denounced the dreadful plight of his countrymen, prosecuted and interned by the authorities, priests, women, and children being deported to the interior.

The most appalling things happened in southern Slav territory. One of the essential war aims of Germany and Austria was the crushing of the Serbian race, as standing in the way of their expansion. ("Serbia and Montenegro should disappear from the map, because thereby the road to the East would be open," says the Austrian General R. Gerba in the paper "Die Drau." Therefore he demands immediate annexation.) In order to remove that obstacle all means were good, and now the fate of the Jugoslavs is equaled in horror only by the fate of the Armenians. No excesses or atrocities committed on the western fronts can be compared to what the Austro-Hungarians did to their own subjects there. For we have to insist again on that point, which seems incredible to our minds: these are no war cruelties, these are facts of internal administration.

After the retreat of the Serbian armies the authorities exerted full vengeance upon the populations which had welcomed their brothers, and large numbers of men were executed or deported. "Die Bosnische Post," a semi-official organ, published in 1915, between February 20 and March 23 only, a list of 5,260 *families* expelled from a few districts in Bosnia. These families, whose men are mobilized in the Austrian army, were driven to Montenegro or other frontiers, and most of them are to-day wandering from place to place, eating the grass on the mountains ("Obzor" of Agram, November 11, 1917). For Herzegovina alone, the military governor, Sarkotic, recently announced two hundred cases of death from starvation.

Wholesale trials, on the ground of high treason, took place, like the Banjaluka trial of 1915–16, when sixteen death condemnations and eight hundred and fifty-eight years of prison were inflicted. Five Deputies to the Bosnian Diet, twenty priests, and nineteen schoolmasters were among the condemned. Cases of persecution could fill many columns of The Outlook. Mention of the most typical ones are perhaps to be found in the speech delivered by Deputy Tresic-Pavicic at the Austrian Parliament on October 19, 1917. The Austrian censorship stopped its publication in the Croatian "Novosti;" but what we possess of it already is sufficient. At Arad and at Doboj alone, where interned civilians suffered untold martyrdom, about eleven thousand persons died from starvation, typhus, and other causes. Among them was my friend R. Radulovitch, a noble figure of a national leader from Bosnia. Deputy Tresic-Pavicic says that one Austrian general (Potiorek) signed thirty-five hundred condemnations to death.

Prominent leaders of the various oppressed races of Austria-Hungary who could escape to France or England have taken the lead of separatist movements—namely, Professor T. Masaryk for the Czechs, Dr. A. Trumbic for the Jugoslavs, etc. They want each group to unite with its brothers outside the Hapsburg monarchy. Small nations, when free, are a guarantee for peace. We have the instance of Switzerland, who made herself free from the same Empire many centuries ago,

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PRESS ILLUSTRATING SERVICE

A RUSSIAN AND A GERMAN SOLDIER FRATERNIZING ON THE EASTERN FRONT

(c) UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

BRITISH HELP THE FRENCH TO SAFETY ON THE WESTERN FRONT

The picture, an official one, taken in the region of the Cambrai offensive, shows the inhabitants of Noyelles seeking shelter behind the British lines after being subjected to German machine-gun fire in their homes

GERMANY, WHILE PRETENDING FRIENDSHIP TO THE PEOPLE ON THE EAST, PERSECUTES THEM ON THE WEST

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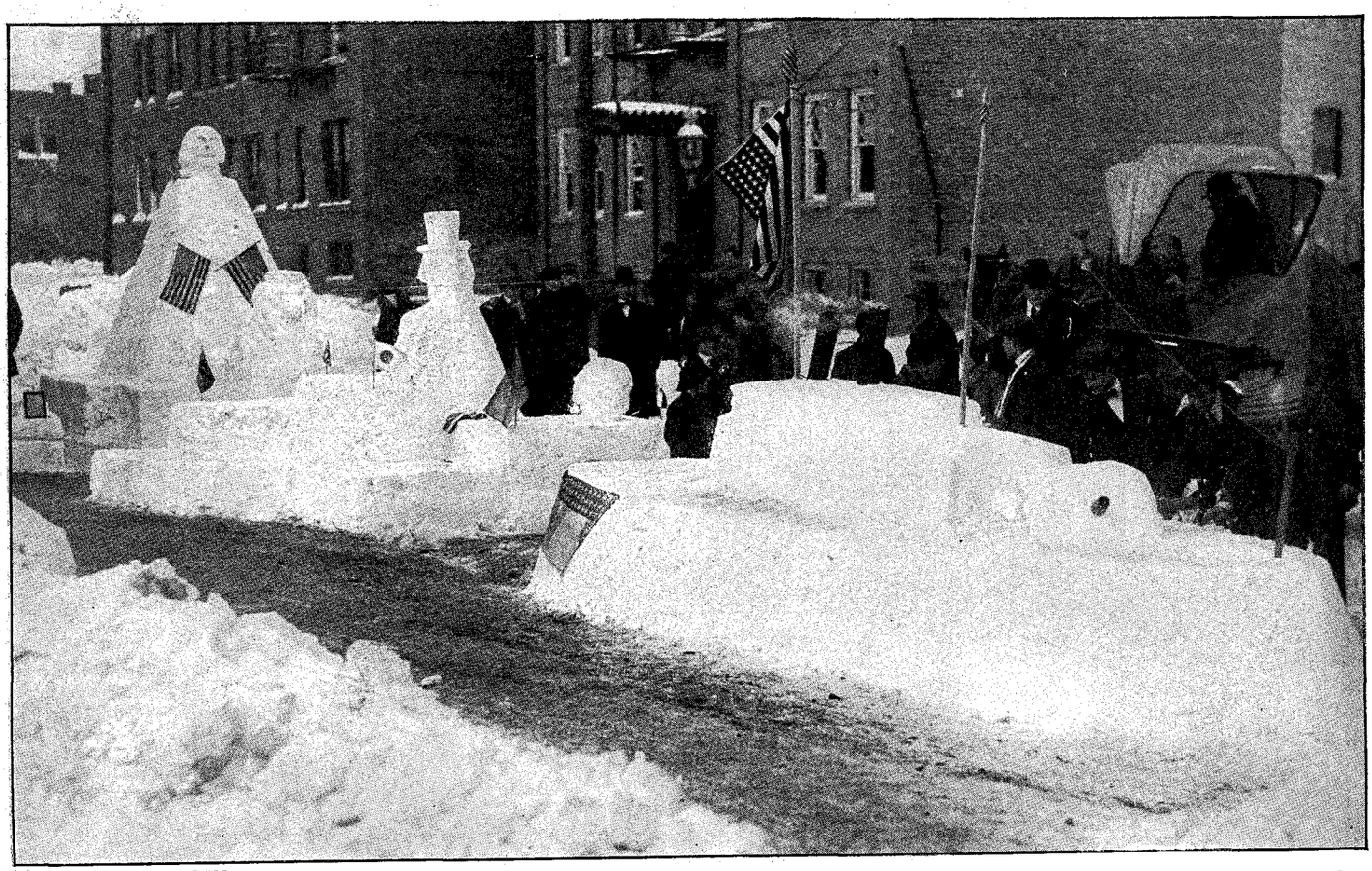
THE COAL SHORTAGE—SMALL CONSUMERS WAITING IN LINE TO GET SUPPLIES AT A BROOKLYN COAL YARD



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GETTING AMUSEMENT OUT OF A SNOWFALL—YOUNG SCULPTORS MODEL GEORGE WASHINGTON, A LION, UNCLE SAM, AND A BATTLE-SHIP FROM SNOW

THE HARDSHIPS AND JOYS OF A WAR-TIME WINTER—COAL SCARCE BUT SNOW PLENTIFUL

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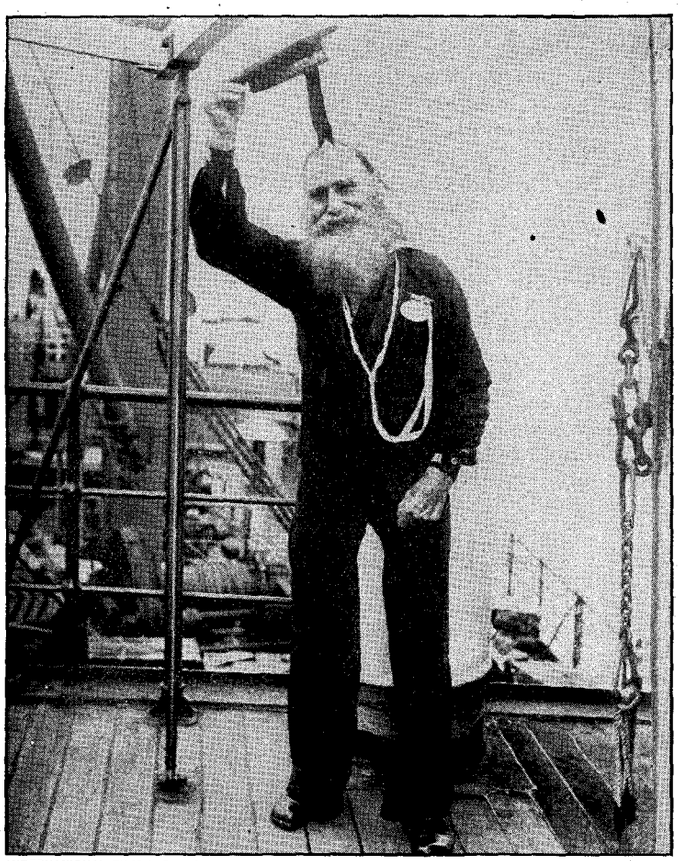
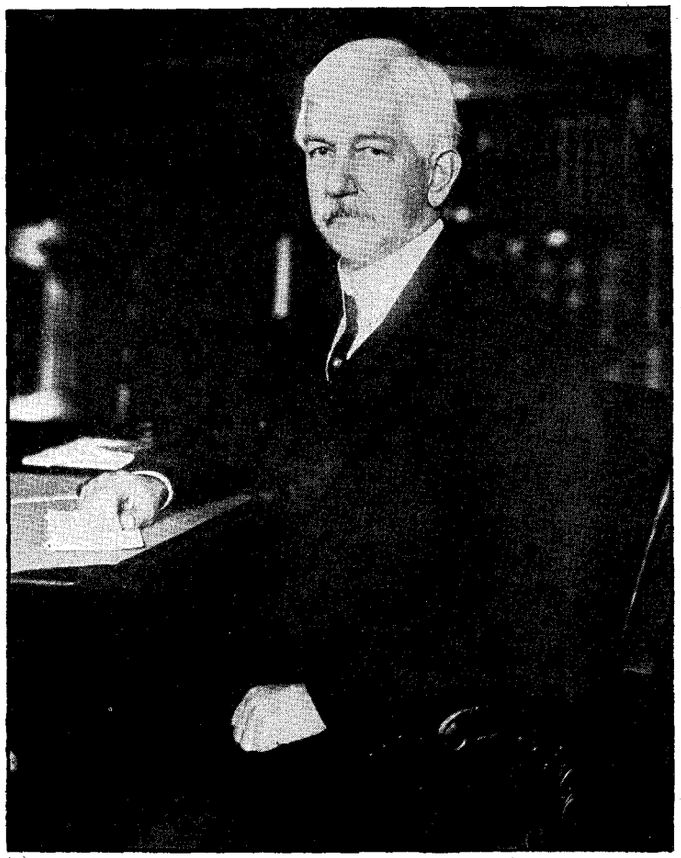


INTERNATIONAL FILM SERVICE

THE LAST SURVIVOR OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN EXPEDITION

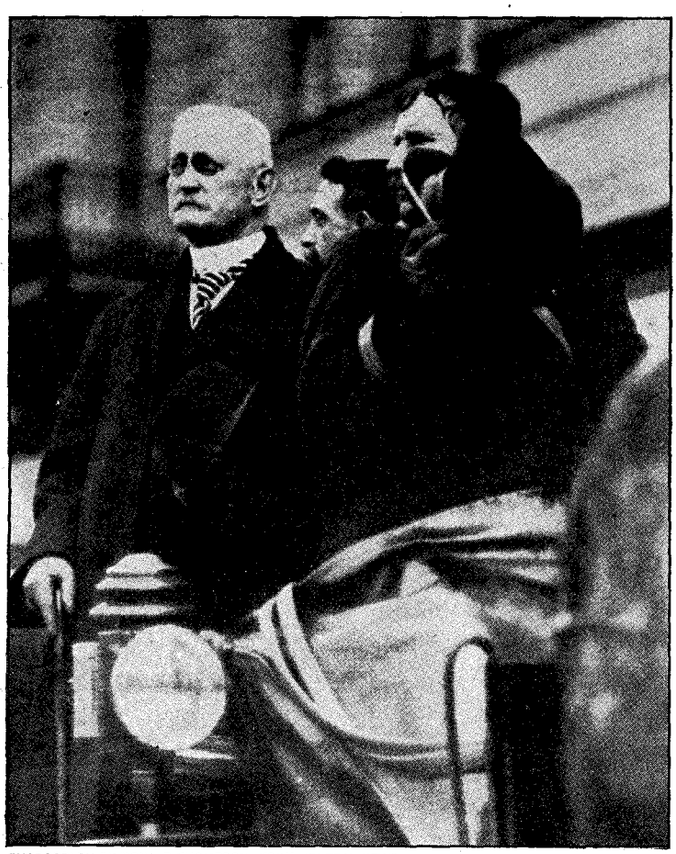
William H. Hardy, aged eighty-two, is believed to be the only living member of Commodore Perry's expedition to Japan in 1853. His picture, shown above, was taken when he revisited Japan a few weeks ago. The friendliness shown toward him during his visit indicates the general attitude of Japan towards Americans



(C) G. V. BUCK

SURGEON-GENERAL W. C. GORGAS

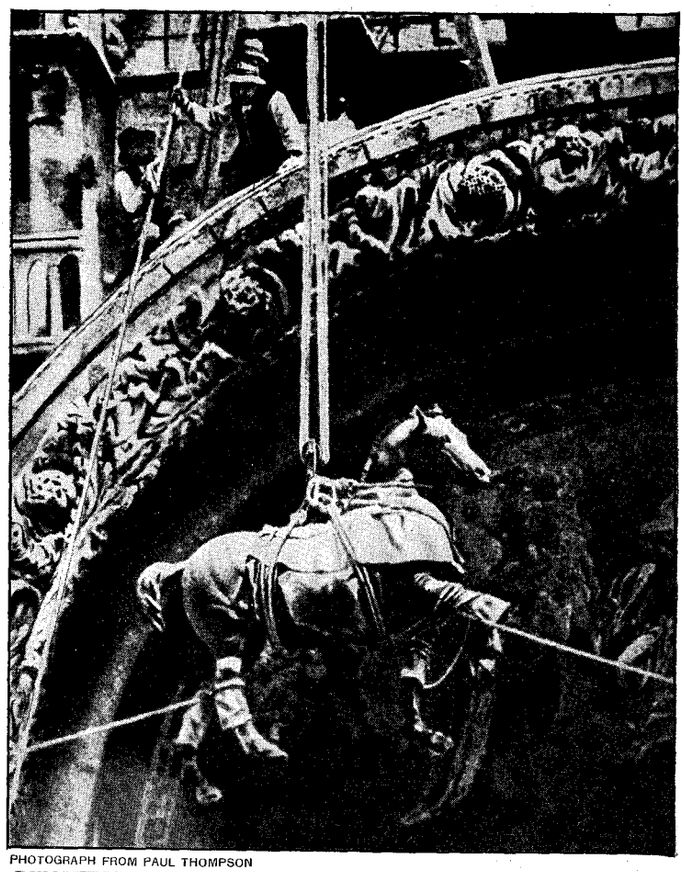
General Gorgas's testimony before the Senate Investigating Committee as to conditions in the Army cantonments has roused the country and will undoubtedly have far-reaching results



PHOTOGRAPH BY DONALD THOMPSON, FROM CENTRAL NEWS

AMBASSADOR FRANCIS IN PETROGRAD

The American Ambassador to Russia, the Hon. David R. Francis, has been a spectator at many interesting scenes during the Russian Revolution. In the above picture he is seen looking on at one of the numerous funerals resulting from Revolutionary disturbances in the Russian capital



PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

REMOVING THE FAMOUS BRONZE HORSES OF ST. MARK'S, IN VENICE, TO A PLACE OF SAFETY

These celebrated bronzes have had a most romantic history. They probably once adorned the triumphal arch of Nero, and afterwards that of Trajan. Constantine sent them to Constantinople, whence they were removed to Venice in 1204. Napoleon took them in 1797 to Paris. In 1815 they were restored to Venice

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and has not only enjoyed prosperity, but has given some of the noblest examples to the world. In America large numbers of volunteers have been raised among the Czechs, Jugoslavs, and Poles who had emigrated, and now go to fight against their old rulers in the name of American freedom, which they have enjoyed. (I myself saw the departure of one thousand Serbians, still subjects of the Emperor, who left the State of Pennsylvania to fight in the ranks of the Allies.)

There is a strange comparison to draw between Austria-Hungary and the United States of America. Both are a mixture of races. But opposite principles have brought opposite results. One nation was formed with the free consent of its people, the other is a feudal construction imposed by force. One is clean and prosperous, the other corrupt and decaying. One is strong and growing, the other self-disintegrating.

I shall not quote the many liberal writers who have tried to reveal what the Austro-Hungarian Empire is made of and made for. Let me only say that I am surprised that a larger publicity was not given to the following statements, which are to be found in "Die Freie Zeitung," organ of the German democrats who emigrated to Switzerland (October 30, 1917): "The interior composition of Austria-Hungary was the source of all European troubles, and will continue to be if the monarchy subsists in one form or another. . . . Austria's dissolution is the only way of making its democratization possible. . . . To let Austria persist after this war, through some petty political 'opportunism' which only the Governments know and not the peoples, would be to betray the future peace."

To-day the whole world, which was almost unanimously indifferent about it in 1912, is awakened. Every one knows that "there is something rotten" in the Empire of Austria. In fact, the whole thing is rapidly crumbling into something else.

The question now is this: Will that "something else" be established by us, without us, or against us?

BOY CULTURE AND AGRICULTURE

BY ARTHUR D. CHANDLER

This is the last of three stories about the boy problem and the attempt to solve some phases of it at a Boys' Farm in New Jersey. The first, "The Little Red Farm-House," appeared in The Outlook for December 19, and the second, "A Derelict from Norway," December 26.—The Editors.

III—THE STORY OF HARRY CAMPBELL, A BOY WHO CAME THROUGH

"ARE you part Scotch?" I asked. "No, sir," said Harry; "I'm Scotch, all Scotch."

Harry Campbell was serving his third term in an institution for the reformation of delinquent boys. But reformation didn't seem to take with Harry. Every time he was paroled, back he came again in a short time, a little "harder" than before.

A third term was too much for a boy "all Scotch." He chafed under institutional restraint, longing for his old "pals" and the lawless freedom of the street.

Three times and out—out with a clean getaway. The idea took entire possession of his mind—all through the day, in school, at work, in bed at night. For six weeks Harry planned and plotted to escape.

He had known many other boys who had tried to get away, only to be brought back ignominiously by the neighboring farmers, always on the lookout for the five-dollar bills offered as a standing reward for the return of runaways.

But Harry was "all Scotch," and he had thought it through to the end. He must get some money somehow and some clothes not recognized by the alert farmers as institution uniforms. A natural-born leader, Harry had let into the plot three other inmates and had sworn them to secrecy.

The plot had failed—completely failed—and Harry was in a peck of trouble, marooned in a big dormitory, securely fastened to a steam-pipe with a bracelet and chain.

Here it was that I first met Harry Campbell.

"I'm Scotch—all Scotch," was his reply to my first question.

Bit by bit he told me the truth—the whole truth—about the plot, taking all the blame to himself; how for about six weeks he and three other "guys" had been planning to make a getaway—planting a hatchet in one place and an iron in another to have them handy when the best time came; how they had been on the point of "knocking out" the house master several times, but something interfered. Harry denied that they ever thought a blow with such a weapon might kill. They planned only to stun him, then steal his money and his keys, and with his keys unlock the closet where the clothes of the incoming boys were stored, change from their uniforms, and make a break for liberty.

One Sunday morning as the boys were dressing, an Italian boy, egged on by Harry, approached the house master from behind while seated and struck the blow. At the sight of the blood which spurted from a scalp wound Tony dropped his weapon and rushed to the wash-room for a wet towel to stop the bleeding.

Did you say, "Hit him again, Tony?" I asked. "Yes," said Harry, "but the guy was so scared at the sight of blood he wouldn't do it." I was stumped. Here was a boy of sixteen with a face as hard as any crook's at forty. For half an hour he had promptly answered every question I had asked, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash; no regret, no whimpering, no show of feeling of any kind. But the plot was so elaborate, so unusual, and so bold that I knew I had before me the making of a first-class crook or a fine and forceful man. How could I crack that Scotch shell?

Turning to leave him, I said, "Harry, do you think I am your friend?" When the answer came, quickly, "Yes, sir," I knew that sooner or later I would get him—but how?

"At the meeting of the trustees to-night," I said, "they will probably vote to send you to the reformatory, because they think your influence over the other boys here is bad. I will see you again after supper before the meeting of the trustees." And then I left him.

A Scotch boy can do a lot of thinking in two hours; but when Harry Campbell stood before me again I could see no change whatever in his appearance. His jaws were set and his face was as hard and expressionless as before.

"Harry," I said, "tell me about yourself. Where does your father live?"

"In ——, with a woman who isn't my mother."

"Where does your mother live?"

"In ——, with a man who isn't her husband."

"Where do you live when you are not here?"

"I go to my father's and he kicks me out, then I go to my mother's and she kicks me out."

At a loss to know just what to say next, I ventured, "Do you love your mother, Harry?"

"I hate her," he said, with surprising emphasis. Here was an opening, and I was not slow to take advantage of it.

"Harry, you told me this afternoon that I was a friend of yours, and so I am. You tell me now that you hate your mother. Let me tell you something. I am three times as good a friend of yours now as I was before you told me you hated your mother."

Harry seemed just a little puzzled, and for the first time showed the slightest interest. I went on, looking him straight in the eye along my extended finger.

"I once had a mother. Every good thing that ever came to me has been on account of that mother."

His Scotch shell cracked—just a little, but enough; my hand touched his elbow—only slightly—he was Scotch, you know. The unfamiliar, sympathetic, human touch reached the hidden spring of Harry's soul—his eyes filled with tears.

"You're always getting in bad and you're up against it now just because you never had the kind of a mother mine was."

At those words the fountain of his Scotch soul gave way in tears; unconscious and unaccustomed tears ran in streams down

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Harry's impassive face—not a whimper or a motion of his hand to brush them away.

"Do you want the trustees at the meeting to-night to send you to the reformatory?"

"Yes, sir," came the unexpected reply.

"Why is that?" said I.

"'Cause everybody here's got it in for me."

"What makes you think that's so?"

"'Cause some of the guys say I'm a 'stinker' and Mr. Stanton called me a 'cur.'"

"Well, what do you think about it yourself? You might have been a murderer; can you blame them much?"

"No, sir."

"Do you think you have been punished enough, Harry?" I asked, expecting the usual reply.

"No, sir," came the nervy answer through his tears.

"Why do you say, 'No, sir,' to that?"

"'Cause of the thing I done."

"Then you think it was pretty bad yourself, do you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Harry, listen to me. If the trustees vote to-night to send you to the reform school because they think you're too 'hard' for this place, you will be one of the youngest boys there among five hundred pretty tough guys—you'll be put wise to a lot of crooked things. You'll be a real crook when you get out, and stay a crook all your life, probably land in State's prison later on. Do you want to be a crook, Harry?"

"No, sir," came the emphatic reply.

"Honest now, do you want to be a man?"

With no less emphasis he replied, "Yes, sir."

"Well, Harry, I'm going to try to-night to get the trustees to give you another chance. Before I go away to-morrow morning I will send for you again. I'll have just one more question to ask you."

It was decided that night to postpone action for thirty days and give Harry another chance. The next morning a changed boy stood before me. The hard, haunted, desperate look, as of some wild animal at bay, had vanished. The tears began to flow down his softened face before I had spoken a word.

"The question I want to ask you is this: If no one will 'have it in for you,' do you want to stay here and get another chance to make a man of yourself?"

That Scotch lad—all Scotch—who told the truth, the whole truth, took all the blame, and then took his punishment like a man, without a whimper, and wanted more because he thought he deserved it, the hardest guy among six hundred, stood before me, the tears again streaming down his face, and in a voice scarcely audible replied, "Yes, sir."

At the time Harry was given another chance a duck pond was just being made into a large swimming pool. He was put to work with other boys building a cement wall around the pool and laying the bottom of the pool with cement.

Our Scotch lad was a husky boy; he loved to work, and very soon assumed the leadership of his working gang. A little later on, to the surprise of all, the gang did not knock off at four o'clock when play time came, but willingly worked on till supper-time, at six o'clock. A week or so went by; bedtime came; the house master was astonished to discover his flock was "shy" about a dozen boys. A hasty search located them at the swimming pool hard at work under the leadership of Harry Campbell.

Gradually the smiles broke through Harry's mask as the work rapidly progressed. Now and then he talked a little. The swimming pool was finished by the end of June, filled with clear water, and the boys—three hundred of them—shouting and laughing, Harry Campbell in the lead, plunged in.

As a "means of grace" for all the boys the swimming pool was a huge success, but for Harry Campbell it was indeed a new birth.

At their first meeting after the pool was finished the trustees sent for the boys to whom belonged the chief credit for the rapid and excellent work they had done.

Into the board room marched a dozen or more boys behind their leader, the justly proud and happy Harry Campbell, his upright bearing and cheerful countenance in strange, almost amazing, contrast to his dejected and sorrowful appearance in the same room only three months before.

In a short time Harry was paroled for good behavior and went, at his own request, to a place where no one would know him.

Harry looked me up soon after the first pay-day came around, proud in a new cap and radiant over a brilliant new necktie, paid for with the first money he had ever earned.

Conscious of a new-born self-respect, he said: "Don't let the parole officer come to see me ever. I can make good faster if he never comes around."

"Some fine day, Harry," I said, "you'll wake up and find you've made a real man of yourself."

"A Scotchman—that's the kind of a man you mean, I suppose."

"Say, Harry, how would you like to have me tell you a real 'honest to God' Scotch story?"

"All right," said Harry.

He seemed eager to hear it. There was a reason why I told it to him. Perhaps there is as good a reason why I should tell it here.

"It is something that happened to me in Edinburgh when I was just a few years older than you are now—how I came to have a Scotch mother. You see, I have had two mothers of the right kind, so of course it has always been easy for me to be good.

"When a kid's three thousand miles from home in a big city like Edinburgh, as I was once upon a time, day after day seeing only strange faces, by and by you get sort of lonesome and you want to have somebody smile at you and say, 'Good-morning.' For more than a week nobody smiled at me except the collie dogs. Every little while one would come along and find out with his nose what kind of a guy I was, then let me smooth his head while he smiled back at me by wagging his tail. It's lots of comfort to have a dog smile at you with his tail when you're lonesome.

"One day in Grey Friars—that's an old burying-ground in Edinburgh—I met a Scotch woman. Her hair was gray. She seemed to be about the same age as my own mother in America. Perhaps she knew I was a little homesick, and she just wanted to be kindly. Anyway, we got to talking as we walked along with her little party.

"What the guide said about the dukes and the lords who were buried there I have forgotten. The place was full of them—must have planted one on top of the other sometimes, I guess.

"But there's one little grave there, Harry. People come a long way to see that little grave, hardly more than a foot long. They leave more tears on that little grave than on all the other graves put together."

"Baby's grave?"

"No. Just a dog's grave. Bobby—Grey Friars Bobby—they call him. Some one wrote a whole book about that dog. One kind lady built a monument to Bobby just outside the gate.

"It's funny, isn't it," said I, "that people should have forgotten all those swell guys who were buried there and only remember and weep over the grave of that little Scotch dog? Believe me, Harry, that dog had a heart! When his master died, he just came and lay down on the grave and moaned. He didn't sleep. He wouldn't eat a thing the children brought to him; he was just skin and bones when he died of a broken heart."

"Gee! but that was some dog! *Good* night!" said Harry.

"Sure that was some dog, but let me go on about the old Scotch lady—she was some mother, too!

"The next day and the next, I went around with that little party seeing all the sights of Edinburgh. 'From this time on I'm going to be your Scotch mother,' said Mrs. Henderson. 'I want you to come, laddie, and live at my home as long as you stay in the city. Now that I am your Scotch mother, you must obey me and come right away.'

"After I had lived with my good old Scotch mother nearly a month the time came to say 'good-by.' As I was going away I said, 'How can I ever pay you back for all the kind things you've done for me?' 'You don't need to; just pass them along to some one else,' she said. 'Sometime you may meet a Scotch laddie who's in trouble. Help him out—that's the way you can pay me back.'"

"Then that's why?" said Harry.

"Yes," said I. "That's why."

As for the story of Harry himself, let me add that promotions and better jobs for him came along in quick succession. One day Harry appeared in a brand-new soldier's uniform. To-day he is "Somewhere in France."

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WEEKLY OUTLINE STUDY OF CURRENT HISTORY

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Based on The Outlook of December 26, 1917

Each week an Outline Study of Current History based on the preceding number of The Outlook will be printed for the benefit of current events classes, debating clubs, teachers of history and of English, and the like, and for use in the home and by such individual readers as may desire suggestions in the serious study of current history.—THE EDITORS.

[Those who are using the weekly outline should not attempt to cover the whole of an outline in any one lesson or study. Assign for one lesson selected questions, one or two propositions for discussion, and only such words as are found in the material assigned. Or distribute selected questions among different members of the class or group and have them report their findings to all when assembled. Then have all discuss the questions together.]

I—NATIONAL AFFAIRS

A. Topic: The Outlook and the War; A Personal Letter.

Reference: Editorial, page 673; Mr. L. F. Abbott's letter, opposite page 698.

Questions:

1. How do you account for the fact that The Outlook ventures to advocate certain things and principles when such are not popular? 2. What do you think of an individual who stops his subscripton to a magazine because he finds in it now and then views with which he does not agree? 3. What is your opinion of a paper or journal whose fundamental purpose is to please its subscribers? 4. What have Outlook subscribers in recent letters said about The Outlook? 5. Give several reasons why renewing one's subscription to The Outlook and getting others to subscribe to it is performing a patriotic duty, and making more efficient citizens? 6. To what extent is it a duty to get others to read such a journal as The Outlook? 7. Write a letter to the President of The Outlook Company telling him just what you think of The Outlook, why you think so, and suggest to him how you think The Outlook could be improved.

B. Topic: National Prohibition.

Reference: Page 668; editorial, pages 673–674.

Questions:

1. Explain fully how the Federal Constitution is amended. 2. What are the provisions of the Prohibition Amendment to the Federal Constitution? 3. Give several reasons why the United States is not now a "bone dry" Nation? 4. What information has The Outlook given as to the present status of prohibition in America? Add a number of other facts. 5. According to The Outlook, what causes have led Congress to submit this Amendment to the States? 6. The Outlook is not sure that Congress has done wisely in submitting this Amendment at the present time. For what reasons? 7. Can you construct an argument showing The Outlook that Congress has acted wisely in this matter? 8. What does The Outlook believe that Congress ought *now* to do about National prohibition? Discuss. 9. Can you present one or more reasons why both boys and girls and men and women *should* drink intoxicating liquors? Tell what this question suggests to you. 10. Just what are you going to do to arouse public opinion either for or against the ratification of the Prohibition Amendment? Your reasons.

C. Topic: The Government and the Railways.

Reference: Editorial, pages 674, 675; 678, 679.

Questions:

1. What are the facts of the railway problem as reported by the Inter-State Commerce Commission and found in The Outlook? 2. What differences are there between Government supervision, Government operation, and Government ownership of railways? In which does The Outlook believe? Mr. Price? In which do you? 3. What reasons does The Outlook have for its belief about railways? What does Mr. Price have for his belief? What do you have for your belief? 4. How explain the fact that Government ownership of railways has been recognized by almost every civilized nation except Great Britain and America? 5. What has the ownership and management of railways to do with the prices of the necessities of life? Explain and illustrate. 6. Do you think that the services of the railways are so fundamental to our life that they cannot with safety be left in private hands? 7. Present arguments for private ownership of railways. Do likewise for Government ownership of them. Which arguments appeal to you more strongly? Why? 8. Discuss somewhat at length a number of the statements made in each of the concluding paragraphs of the references given for this topic.

D. Topic: Universal Military Training.

Reference: Editorial, pages 675, 676.

Questions:

1. For what reasons does the Secretary of War, Mr. Baker, have so little interest in the question of universal military training at the present time? 2. For what reasons does The Outlook disagree with Mr. Baker? 3. Were you called upon to make a decision, which would you uphold as to universal military training, Mr. Baker or The Outlook? What are your reasons? 4. To what extent should an individual be able to protect his own property and his life? How, in your opinion, can this best be done?

II—PROPOSITIONS FOR DISCUSSION

(These propositions are suggested directly or indirectly by the subject-matter of The Outlook, but not discussed in it.)

1. It is impossible to negotiate a lasting peace. 2. It is the duty of every citizen to subscribe to some periodical such as The Outlook. 3. The life of America can circulate only through the railways.

III—VOCABULARY BUILDING

(All of the following words and expressions are found in The Outlook for December 26, 1917. Both before and after looking them up in the dictionary or elsewhere, give their meaning *in your own words*. The figures in parentheses refer to pages on which the words may be found.)

Amendment, notification (668), majority, opportunism, local option, vodka, absinthe, beer, liquor, "patent medicines," public opinion (673, 674), mergers, pooling, *laissez faire*, rebates, exigencies (674, 675), rolling stock, equitable system (678, 679).

A booklet suggesting methods of using the Weekly Outline of Current History will be sent on application

A Universal News Service

The Christian Science Monitor through its world-wide news gathering service records daily the constructive development of the human race. It publishes in detail the most significant happenings of world politics. It analyzes, classifies, and interprets world events editorially from an international view point. Its governing purpose in this period is to establish a better understanding between the progressive elements in human affairs, not only in America, but throughout the world.

The Christian Science Monitor is on general sale throughout the world at news stands, hotels and Christian Science reading-rooms at 3c a copy. A monthly trial subscription by mail anywhere in the world for 75c, a sample copy on request.

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THE NEW BOOKS

This department will include descriptive notes, with or without brief comments, about books received by The Outlook. Many of the important books will have more extended and critical treatment later

FICTION

Wander-Ships. Folk-Stories of the Sea. By Wilbur Bassett. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

Sailors' legends of uncanny ships—"reward ships, punishment ships, specter ships, ships of the death voyage, and devil ships"—are here told, with copious notes which, to our thinking, have more of the real nautical flavor than the stories themselves as here presented. The telling of folk-lore stories effectively requires either verbatim reporting from an original "source" or the fine art of an Uncle Remus.

BIOGRAPHY

Audubon the Naturalist. A History of His Life and Time. By Francis Hobart Herrick, Ph.D. 2 vols. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $7.50.

This book supplements the admirable work prepared by Mrs. Audubon and edited by Dr. Elliott Coues called "Audubon and His Journals." It does more, because it is a formal and complete biography and because it includes many letters and facts not heretofore published. Audubon was one of the most interesting of persons, whether as a naturalist or as a talker and thinker. Happy the collector who possesses his great work on the birds of America, with its individually painted plates!

Mark Twain's Letters. Arranged, with Comment, by Albert Bigelow Paine. 2 vols. Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. $4.

If any one is inclined to think that Mark Twain was a professional humorist who made fun in order that he might make money (and this opinion has been entertained in some quarters), we think that these letters should suffice to correct the error, for they are characterized by the same exuberant exaggeration and the same rollicking humor which characterizes his published writings. Those characteristics are evidently the spontaneous expression of himself. In reading these letters one sits down at the fireside or the table or in the camp or on the steamboat with Mark Twain and hears him in the untutored and unstudied expression of his own unique personality. Mr. Andrew Lang says in his introduction to "Chuzzlewit" that Mark Tapley is "unconvincing." If he had read Mark Twain's letters, he would have perhaps entertained a different opinion, for the Mark Twain of history is quite as jolly as the Mark Tapley of fiction, and the greater the difficulties which either confronts the greater is his jollity. The letters are well edited, with such historical comment as is needed to make them understandable and no more.

Master of the Hill (The). A Biography of John Meigs. By Walter Russell Bowie. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $3.

At the time of his death The Outlook published its estimate of John Meigs as master of his school and architect and builder of men, "a sculptor working on live clay." It is enough for us to say here that this book, written by one who was first his pupil and afterwards a teacher in his school, is pervaded by his spirit of absolute sincerity. It is appreciative, warmly affectionate, even at times eloquently enthusiastic, but it is not indiscriminating; it recognizes the master's faults as well as his virtues with a frankness which would delight him and which bears the impress

Linen Opportunities for January *at* McCutcheon's

JANUARY at "The Linen Store" will be a month of opportunity for the far-sighted—the opportunity not only to purchase at favorable prices, but also to anticipate coming increases in price.

The world-wide scarcity of flax which has heretofore come in large measure from Belgium and Russia, the difficulties of obtaining labor for manufacturing Linen, and the high rates for ocean transportation have combined to increase the cost of Linens. Further and greater increases have already been announced.

During 1918 it is going to be more and more difficult to get Linens *at any price.*

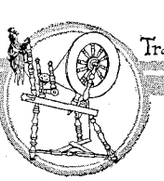
Only extensive and fortunate buying many months ago has enabled us to keep prices at the level now prevailing at "The Linen Store."

Therefore, you will find it decidedly advantageous to lay in your supplies at this time.

The goods which we are now able to offer you could not be duplicated today at anywhere near their present prices.

Purchasing at once will save you many dollars over the increased prices that are soon to come.

Send for new booklet, "January Opportunities at 'The Linen Store'."

Registered  Trade Mark

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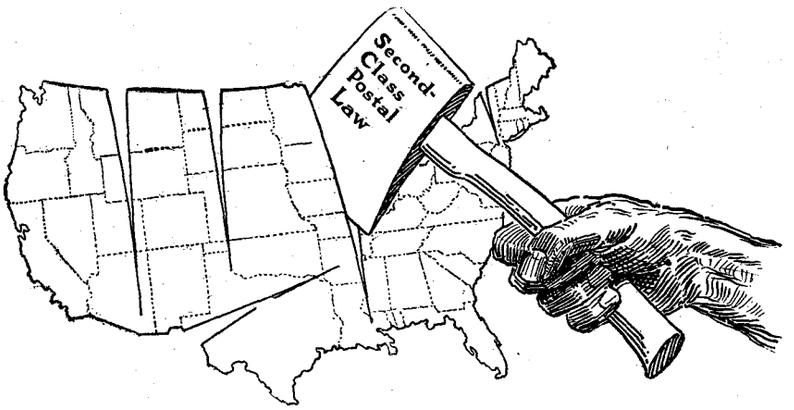
Our Country Must Be United

IN this time of unprecedented national peril and world peril, America must be strong with the strength of unity—one nation. America must be bound together, as it is today, not so much by the machinery of Government, as by Ideas, held in common by all and fully exchanged, so that all the people throughout the country may understand and sympathize with one another. This is what has brought this great nation together and holds it together.

This result has been accomplished primarily by the Press—particularly the weekly and monthly periodicals and business papers. These periodicals have not local or sectional bias; they go to all parts of America, and serve all parts alike; their great service is in helping to bring all sections close together into one great nation, through a common understanding.



America must not be Split into a half-dozen Sections

Weak with the ILLS and EVILS of Sectionalism

But such a disastrous result is not only possible, but probable, unless the present law pertaining to second-class postage is repealed before it goes into effect. Postal legislation was enacted in the present Revenue Bill, which divides the country up into "zones" and increases the average carrying charge upon magazines and periodicals from 50 to 900 per cent.

These nation-binding periodicals are confronted with certain injury and destruction—which means loss to you personally and loss to your country. It will destroy a large part of the periodicals. You will be deprived of the magazines that have kept you informed on your country's problems, that have helped you in your work. Your children will lose the clean publications that have entertained and helped educate them. And eventually, such magazines as do survive will cost you much more.

The Post Office Department has never been considered a money-making institution. It was established, as was the Department of Agriculture, for the benefit of the people. There is no deficit to make up, therefore

No increase is necessary. Last year the Post Office Department earned a surplus of nearly $10,000,000

The Post Office was never intended as a tax-gathering institution. It was basically designed to give service to the people—to all the people at the same rate. The Publishers are not trying to evade taxation. They will gladly accept any rate of tax upon their profits that may be levied. Most of them have gone on record as being willing to turn over to the Government their entire net profits for the period of the war.

This is the time of all times when America must be a united America—one nation strong with the strength of unity. Let your influence be used to that end and write to your Senator and Representative in Congress urging them to vote for the repeal of this law, which, unless repealed by the present Congress, will go into effect on July 1st. Every such letter will help.

The Authors' League of America, Inc.

REX BEACH, *President*

Executive Committee—GERTRUDE ATHERTON, GELETT BURGESS, CHANNING POLLOCK, ALICE DUER MILLER, GEORGE BARR MCCUTCHEON, HARVEY O'HIGGINS, LEROY SCOTT, JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS, LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, HELEN S. WOODRUFF

No. 4

of his character. It will be welcomed as a memorial by many of his pupils and his contemporaries, but it will also, we hope, inspire to a manly, Christian life many who never personally knew the great teacher.

Wessel Gansfort. Life and Writings. By Edward Waite Miller, D.D. Principal Works Translated by Jared Waterbury Scudder, M.A. Illustrated. 2 vols. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $4.

Next to Wyclif, "the morning star of the Reformation," ranks the illustrious Wessel as a precursor of Luther. The authors of these volumes have redeemed from long forgetfulness a theologian greatly admired by Luther. Luther's famous theses assailed the abuse of Papal indulgences. Wessel attacked the system itself as unscriptural and harmful to morality. His attitude was distinctly Protestant, holding to the Bible as the supreme authority in religion, and to Christ rather than the Pope as giving unity to the Church. In his view of the sacraments he anticipated the most radical of the Reformers. A biography of Wessel introduces the estimate of him as a herald of the Reformation. Following this the more significant of his writings are here for the first time translated from their original Latin.

ESSAYS AND CRITICISM

On Contemporary Literature. By Stuart P. Sherman. Henry Holt & Co., New York. $1.50.

The author is at the head of the Department of English Language and Literature in the University of Illinois. He here discusses freely and unconventionally what he considers "the requisites of sound literature" in different periods, using the work of individual authors to bring out his own views. These can be best indicated here by quoting two or three of his extremely interesting titles. Thus we have "The Democracy of Mark Twain," "The Utopian Naturalism of Wells," "The Æsthetic Idealism of James," "The Æsthetic Naturalism of Moore," "The Barbaric Naturalism of Dreiser," and so on.

WAR BOOKS

Defenders of Democracy. Edited by the Gift Committee of the Militia of Mercy. President's Edition. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $2.50.

A medley of good things from many famous authors and artists. There is something here to entertain every one, even if he opens the book with a prejudice against such collections. The reader, indeed, is twice blessed who buys this book, for not only will it interest him, but the purchase of it will help the families of our wounded sailors.

France Bears the Burden. By Granville Fortescue. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Readable sketches of war-time activities at the front and behind the lines in France. The sacrifices and the burdens so cheerfully borne by the French are accurately and vividly described by a war correspondent who has a record as a fighter as well as a writer.

Harry Butters, R. F. A.: "An American Citizen." Life and War Letters. Edited by Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan. Illustrated. The John Lane Company, New York. $1.50.

A charming young soldier is here revealed. While the book will be of greatest interest to those who personally knew him, the descriptions of life at the front are so graphic that even the casual reader will be absorbed by them and regret the tragic finale.

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DEPARTMENT OF INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

Believing that the advance of business is a subject of vital interest and importance, The Outlook will present in this department each month an article treating some phase of the country's commercial development. These articles will be educational in character and will set forth in a comprehensive way the industrial upbuilding of the Nation. This department is designed to be of service to readers of The Outlook, and inquiries in regard to industrial subjects will be answered by letter or in these pages. All letters of inquiry should be addressed to the Industrial Editor of The Outlook, 381 Fourth Ave., New York

THE MOTOR TRUCK IN 1917

PART II

THIS department in The Outlook for December 19 presented a brief review of certain uses of the motor truck in war work and in relieving the railways of the great transportation demands which they have suddenly had to meet. The present article will deal with certain fields of usefulness into which the motor truck has entered in times of peace, and will show how truck manufacturers are helping many American business men to solve the difficult problem of cutting down the high cost of retail and wholesale delivery.

* * *

The food question is now of the greatest importance. The war may be won or lost by food or the lack of it. The farmer is having great difficulty in keeping enough labor to harvest and deliver his crops. Any means which helps him solve these difficulties is therefore of the greatest value under present conditions. Instead of riding all night behind a slow-moving team to get his products to market, the modern farmer, equipped with motor trucks, starts out at a reasonable hour and yet beats his less progressive neighbor. On his return trip from the city he brings back household staples, fixtures for the stable, dairy, poultry yard, kennel, and various other supplies. In addition to hauling products of the garden, orchard, and farm to the city markets, many of the trucks are provided with removable seats, which makes them easily convertible for passenger service. Frequently they are used to transport passengers and baggage between railway stations and the house. The heavy duty trucks have extra large bodies to provide for great bulk as well as great loads. These trucks usually displace from one to three of the largest farm wagons and from two to eight horses. They are used in hauling hay, grain, corn, oats, and wheat to the grist-mills, and in many cases are used also for transporting milk cans from the farm to railway or interurban milk depots.

On the farm, motor trucks carry soil, fertilizer, garden tools, and farm products. They also haul shrubbery, plants, trees, and cattle. In an emergency the power of the truck can be used to drive an electric generator or water pump, to pull a plow, or operate a threshing machine. Formerly the operations that are now possible with a single truck required several pieces of special machinery that aggregated a heavy financial investment. Large estate owners admit that the motor truck on the farm to-day has no rival as far as utility is concerned. It makes itself felt when the estate owner counts the cost. Farm hands have time for work that could not be done before the trucks came to the farm. The station wagon has been discarded. Fewer work horses are necessary. The light spring farm wagon is unnecessary. There is a reduction in the cost of feed, stabling, and grooming. In addition barn space is released for other purposes.

The advent of the truck upon the farm has brought a new type of man to superintend the work that is now being conducted on a broader and more extensive scale, to drive the machines and care for their incidental needs. It has given practical mechanical educations to the farm hands and sons of the estate owners. In the great majority of cases the power vehicle has been the means of displacing two or three men, half a dozen work horses, and occasionally road horses, depending upon the type of machine used.

Since the high-powered motor truck has become an intricate part of the country estates and high-class farms, farm life and methods have been completely and quickly revolutionized. To-day the truck is involved in practically every phase of agricultural life. It performs many widely differing duties, all at a great saving of time and labor costs, and has so increased the amount of work possible in any given period of time that the country gentleman who owns a well-managed estate now considers from one to three trucks a necessity, and is loud in his praise of the "iron horse's" performance.

In many instances exacting records are kept of the volume of work the truck does and the cost of doing it. In practically every instance the truck has shown great reductions instead of increases in the maintenance cost. Records of trucks are compared with those of former years, and this has aided the farm superintendent in establishing himself as an economic factor rather than an item of expense.

It is therefore apparent that transportation problems on the farm which were impossible are now but ordinary tasks for a properly designed motor truck. Farmers and estate owners are beginning to realize that many more tasks can be accomplished more economically and much more quickly by motor, and thus new uses are discovered every day and many long-established methods of doing farm work are undergoing radical changes.

* * *

One of the most perplexing problems which wholesale and retail merchants have to solve is how to reduce the cost of delivery. Most of the leading truck manufacturers now maintain special research departments, whose province it is to give the merchant, whether a prospective buyer or not, a scientific analysis of his particular haulage problems. One large company, through its advertising, invites merchants to send in their haulage problems to its traffic engineers. Merchants are asked to give the equipment they are now using, general conditions of road, weather, and loads, present cost of operation, loading, unloading, and routing conditions. From these data an analysis is prepared showing the merchant just what changes would be advisable and how he would profit by the use of trucks. These analyses have been of great benefit to the merchant. They have shown him how to secure better service at a lower cost.

The Research Department of another well-known company has furnished us with the following examples of how it is saving money for small merchants by putting their delivery systems upon an efficient basis. In many cases this saving in delivery cost marks the difference between the success or failure of the business. Each case is an instance of saving in time or money, usually both, effected by displacing the horse with a delivery car. This tabulation fails to show increased territory covered, new business added, and deliveries made on schedule time in all kinds of weather, which helps greatly in holding the good will of the customer.

Business.	Time Saved. Hours.	Money Saved.	Percentage of Delivery Cost Saved.
Grocer	6 daily	$442.82 yearly	20.4
Sm. fish	525 monthly	320.00 monthly	50
Milkman	2 daily	20.00 "	21
Butcher	4 "	345.00 yearly	66.3
Bottler	2 "	1,290.00 "	56.5
Baker	104 monthly	236.00 monthly	68.7
Laundry	3 daily	340.00 yearly	54.4

Wholesale and retail merchants have

TRANSPORTING FARM PRODUCE BY MOTOR TRUCK

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LOADING A DELIVERY TRUCK WITH A "NEST" BODY

different problems to solve, as loading, unloading, and delivery are on such vastly different scales. The wholesaler attempting to move many barrels of flour on a half-ton truck would be as foolish as the baker who used a five-ton truck to deliver his loaves from door to door.

Efficiency and economy are effected only by adapting the transportation unit to the burden to be carried.

In this connection it has been established by the parcel post authorities in Washington that eighty-five per cent of all merchandise delivered by retail merchants can be most efficiently and economically transported in loads up to one-half ton. It is obvious, therefore, that a heavy truck with a half-load is an economic waste, and a light truck with a heavy overload bears an unfair burden. The intelligent merchant can figure out his daily delivery average in pounds, and any up-to-date motor-truck salesman will gladly help him determine on the delivery unit best suited to his individual requirements.

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We have been hearing a great deal of the British "tanks," which sally forth over seemingly impassable ground and generally reach their objective. Large three or four ton trucks are being used as tanks on the cattle and sheep ranges of Texas and New Mexico to carry water to the animals which have grazed far from the source of supply. These trucks are equipped with tanks holding from three hundred to three hundred and fifty gallons of water. When filled, they start off over the open prairie where roads are unknown until they reach the cattle. Hauling water in this way is the only method of watering the stock on many of these big ranches, so great dependence must be placed upon the ability of the trucks to perform their work. Many of the trucks sold in this part of the country are driven overland from fifty to three hundred miles and delivered to the owners. They are driven directly across country where often not even a trail shows the way. Of course no supplies can be procured *en route*, so extra cans of water and gasoline must be carried.

***

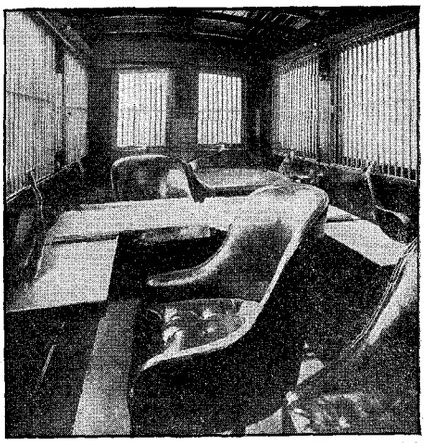
To increase the volume of work performed by a motor truck in a given period of time, and thus reduce the cost of hauling, many enterprising truck-users have improved their shipping facilities to expedite the handling of merchandise. Many others have grasped the opportunity to employ special loading schemes which reduce their labor but do not disturb their general plan of handling goods.

In many lines of business the loading of packages individually is just about as wasteful as the loading of a coal truck by shovel. Undoubtedly the special loading systems which are most popular and most easily installed in mercantile lines of business are those which employ nest bodies, removable bodies, or loading crates. Being adapted to the handling of many kinds of merchandise, all of these removable types have been widely used with good results. It is not recorded that any firm ever changed its facilities after having once adopted the unit-loading principle.

Any plan which reduces the idleness of a truck at the loading platform is an improvement worth making, provided only that the time saved to the truck can be utilized in actual hauling. To reduce the loading time to its lowest point is to create many advantages other than enabling a truck to deliver more merchandise. In giving a truck more hours of productive work, the nest or removable body permits the loading of the detached bodies at the most convenient time and in the most convenient manner. It saves space on the shipping-room floor, eliminates congestion on the platform, and often simplifies the work of routing and checking.

Another point in favor of the nest body is that its adoption does not in any way affect the original carrying capacity of the truck, because the truck may be used without the nests whenever it is advisable or necessary.

Nest bodies may consist simply of smaller bodies mounted on casters and built in such size that they will roll into the truck bodies. Or they may be composed of a series of uniformly sized bins, such as are used to move material or finished goods from one department to another.



INTERIOR OF PAYMASTER'S TRUCK, CHICAGO SURFACE LINES, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

***

A motor truck with a specially designed body containing all the conveniences of an office and protected against highway bandits is used by the Chicago surface railway lines to carry the pay envelopes of thousands of their employees to car barns and other widely scattered districts.

In some cases the truck merely transports paymasters and large sums of money from one car barn to another. In others trips of several miles are made into the country to pay off line and track men and gangs engaged in special construction work, such as the building of new bridges, tunnels, buildings, and general track improvements.

The truck has accommodations for four paymasters, a chauffeur, and a guard, all of whom go heavily armed. The paymasters are provided with swivel chairs and work at tables which hang on hinges and may be dropped down when not in use. The table in the center of the office, as shown in the accompanying photograph, is used for making up pay-rolls while the truck is *en route*, and within easy reach on either side are shelves for money trays. The windows are protected by iron bars and connected with an alarm system.

In paying direct from the truck the chief paymaster sits at the extreme end of the office, takes the pay envelopes from the shelf, and passes them out to the workmen through a wicket in a window on his left. While the men are receiving their money the guard stands on duty in the rear of the office and the chauffeur guards the front. When the truck is traveling through the streets, all money and other valuables are carried in a special steel vault built in the body of the truck behind the rear seat.

***

Satisfying the taste of the "movie"-going public for frequent changes of programmes has speeded up the duties of the film producers, necessitating outdoor motion-picture photography at night. At first the problem of proper lighting caused the producers considerable inconvenience, because at many outdoor locations where motion pictures are made at night there are no near-by electric lines that can be tapped for current. The Vitagraph Company of America was the first to solve this problem successfully by providing a portable lighting system, consisting of an electric generator mounted on a five-ton motor truck. This outfit can supply sufficient light for the filming of night scenes in the largest productions, and the truck, because of its ability to travel over any kind of roads, can reach any desired spot.

The body of the truck is van-like in shape and divided into two compartments. One incloses a dynamo of 218 amperes and a voltage of 120. The rear compartment has a five-cylinder marine engine of 50 horse-power and a speed of 750 revolutions per minute. On each side of the driver's seat are vertical tube radiators to cool the water of the marine-engine circulating system. The body is fireproof inside and insulated from the chassis by rubber mats. The current supplied by the generator is carried by wires to as many of the regular indoor studio arcs as are necessary.

A recent test in taking night scenes for the "Battle Cry of War," sequel to the "Battle Cry of Peace," proved that the

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truck is most efficient. Harry Waldron, superintendent of garage and transportation for the Vitagraph Company, delivered the truck at a place where the big scenes were to be staged at night, and it produced enough light for every purpose. If connected to a street-lighting system, Mr. Waldron estimates that this generator could supply illumination sufficient for three city blocks

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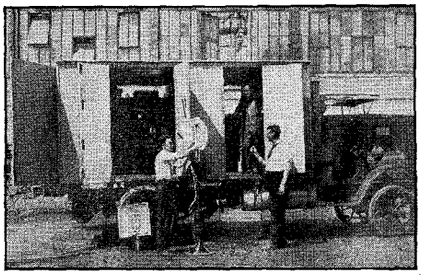
We have touched but briefly upon a few of the great variety of uses of the motor



FIVE-TON TRUCK, VITAGRAPH COMPANY, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

truck of to-day. Nobody who has studied the problems and needs of the present will deny that the horse is doomed as an economic factor. His speed is about one-fourth that of a truck under average conditions; his carrying and pulling power is about one twenty-fifth that of the half-ton truck; his upkeep on the basis of twenty miles a day is nearly double that of a half-ton truck; his energy decreases with time, while that of the truck is comparatively unimpaired. So the ratio of efficiency is all in favor of the truck.

It is now a familiar statement that the Allied victories at the Marne and before Verdun were largely due to efficient motor transport systems. The motor truck is playing a large and important part in this war. And when peace comes the truck will continue to become a more and more important factor in the business life of the Nation.

"TO THE EDITORS, DEAR SIRS:—"

I am afraid that the point you have made against the epistolary intolerance of preachers as a class is well taken. I judge that it comes not only from the fact that the preacher hears no "back talk" when he preaches, but also from the very general tendency among us to confound our theories of truth with the truth itself. We easily persuade ourselves that some one is undermining the foundations, and then we fight for the faith, when perhaps we are only bombarding some one's interpretation of the faith. The great need of preachers here is a union of vital piety and the scientific spirit that proves all things, holding fast what is good, and tries all the spirits.

I had not intended to say this when I began, but I do say it—that I feel deeply indebted to the editors of The Outlook for a broader and profounder view of religious truth than otherwise I might have received. It is one of several agencies that has greatly illuminated me.

And yet you understand, don't you, that The Outlook is frightfully unorthodox and Dr. Abbott is a heretic? Give us more that particular kind of heresy, say I.

(Rev.) Raymond M. Shipman.

Nevada, Iowa.

BY THE WAY

"The religious situation at the soldiers' encampments is not without its humor, and must tend to liberalize the men who compose them," remarks the "Christian Register." "Recently a Roman Catholic private, finding on a Friday that the supply of fish had given out, was constrained to partake of a meat diet. By his side at table sat a Jew who, unless he would go dinnerless, had to eat of the forbidden swine's flesh. 'Too bad! too bad!' said the first, his Irish wit not forsaking him. 'Two perfectly good religions spoiled!'"

A friend sends this heading from a Boston daily newspaper as "the prize misprint of the year:"

SAYS PLAY IS WORTH THOUSAND LEMONS

An elucidation of this remarkable statement reads: "'The Wanderer' is worth a thousand *sermons*."

The London correspondent of "American Art News" tells of high figures for pictures recently sold at auction in London. In one case, he says, a pair of colored engravings by Nutter, after Bigg, similar to those which in 1914 brought 48 guineas, went now for 300 guineas ($1,500). "The prevailing high prices," the writer concludes, "not only in this particular branch of the fine arts, but in several others, are astonishing even to the dealers themselves."

In "Recollections of a California Pioneer" Carlisle S. Abbott, at the age of eighty-eight, tells of crossing the Great American Desert in '49. His party's horses all succumbed to the heat and the canteens were empty. One man, who had been notable for his profanity, had a change of heart and began to pray: "O Lord Almighty, send us just one drop of rain!" To the astonishment of everybody, scattering raindrops soon began to fall. These were caught in a rubber blanket and greedily lapped up, though there was not enough to satisfy the travelers. "The fool!" cried one of them, looking daggers at the miracle-worker; "he might just as well have prayed for a barrel of water as for a drop, for he got ten times as much as he asked for!"

The pioneer above referred to had his most exciting adventure as the result of the theft of a bag of gold dust from a claim adjoining his. He was accused of the crime, and two hundred miners assembled to lynch him. His five partners determined to defend him with their lives against the mob. As a compromise, he and another man suspected of the crime were lowered into the mine to stay there until they produced the missing gold. A revolver had been slipped into the author's hand by one of his partners, and with this he forced his companion to produce the gold and hand it over to a waiting committee. The guilty man then made good his escape in the depths of the mine, though the entire camp of enraged miners searched for him for hours. "I went to our little flat for supper," concludes the author, "but my appetite was gone, and for weeks afterwards, as I closed my eyes in sleep, I could see that accursed rope dangling above my head."

Henry James tells in "The Middle Years" about his most vivid recollection of a visit to George H. Lewes and George Eliot at their home at Witley, England. He was accompanied by Mrs. Greville, who unknown to him had lent to the famous authors a set of his own latest work. When leaving, Mr. James and Mrs. Greville were halted by Lewes with the exclamation, "Ah those books—take them away, please, away, away!" "The sweep of Lewes's gesture" as he turned to fetch the books, says Mr. James, "could scarce have been bettered by his actually using a broom." Of course neither Lewes nor George Eliot knew that their visitor was himself the author of the unread, unopened volumes!

A moving-picture health car, according to "Popular Mechanics," is the latest illustration of the possibilities of modern invention. This outfit consists of an automobile equipped with a motion-picture projector and with a lecturer and a mechanic for crew. The car, it is stated, is used by the North Carolina Board of Health in the rural regions of that State for exhibiting films that teach disease prevention.

Miss Ruth Law's famous airplane trip from Chicago to Hornell, New York, without a stop, has been exceeded, according to a news despatch, by Miss Katherine Stinson, who on December 11 made a flight from San Diego, California, to San Francisco without stopping, the distance being about ninety-eight miles greater than that made by Miss Law.

A financial dictionary called "Money and Investments" makes this comment under "Woman's Signature:" "Women puzzle bankers, and business men in general, by the way they often sign their names. The writer has seen four different consecutive letters received from the same woman, all within a period of less than two weeks, the first one signed, we will say, Jane W. Fisher, the second one J. W. Fisher (thus being mistaken for a man), the third Mrs. Jane W. Fisher, and the fourth Mrs. Henry E. Fisher. A system of letter filing in an office may be much upset by this method, and letters incorrectly filed by some clerk and never afterwards located. The best way for a [married] woman to sign her business letters is, to continue above illustration, Jane W. Fisher, and then directly below—(Mrs. Henry E. Fisher)."

Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, editor of "Contemporary Verse," believes in reading The Outlook from cover to cover. In the Philadelphia "Public Ledger" he says: "How many readers of The Outlook miss the fine lyric that is often concealed toward the end of the reading matter? Mr. Hagedorn's 'Ode of Dedication' has indeed been widely mentioned. But 'The Challenge' of Dysart McMullin and 'A Poet Enlists' of Miss Burr are among the most sincere poems yet published on the present war." "The Ode of Dedication" appeared in our issue of June 20, "The Challenge" May 30, and "A Poet Enlists" October 24, 1917. We thank Mr. Stork for the compliment and for the information that the placing of a poem in a conspicuous place at the head of a page is a form of typographical camouflage.

When American soldiers arrive in France, they must not expect to get to the front at once. "The journey up to the front is quite a short one," says Lieutenant Hector MacQuarrie in "How to Live at the Front: Tips for American Soldiers," "but do not expect to get there within twelve hours." "I remember," he adds, "censoring a letter written by one of my men to his family at home, describing the journey. He said that the train had been going about an hour when it stopped; a cow was discovered in front of the engine. It was driven off and the train proceeded. The journey then continued for another two hours and the train once more stopped. It was the same cow."

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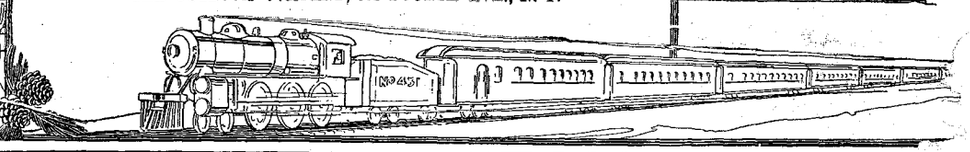

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Teachers and Governesses

WANTED—Competent teachers for public and private schools and colleges. Send for bulletin. Albany Teachers' Agency, Albany, N. Y.

COLLEGE and normal school graduates, men and women, needed for positions open January 1, 1918, and later. Address THE INTERSTATE TEACHERS' AGENCY, Macheca Bldg., New Orleans, La.

SITUATIONS WANTED

Companions and Domestic Helpers

LADY, pianist, desires position as accompanist for lady singer or violinist, etc. Visiting or boarding. Great experience. Musical education with European masters. Would travel. 5,525, Outlook.

YOUNG lady desires position as companion. 5,542, Outlook.

EXPERIENCED housekeeper. School or institution. 5,549, Outlook.

Teachers and Governesses

LADY desires position as visiting teacher to child. French conversation. Music. Highest references. 5,526, Outlook.

TUTOR, college graduate, experienced, wants tutorial work. 5,547, Outlook.

A French lady living in a clergyman's family desires pupils in French evenings after seven thirty. Address Mlle. de Saulles, 49 East 80th St., New York.

MISCELLANEOUS

TRAINED institution managers, matrons, dietitians supplied. American School of Home Economics, Chicago, Ill.

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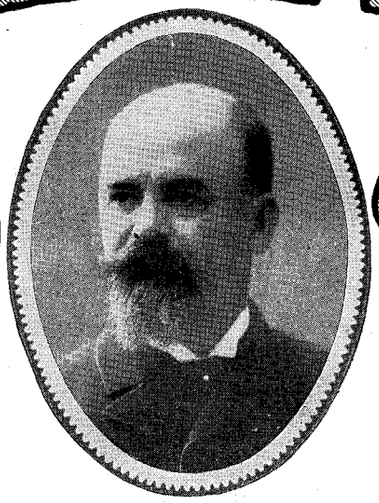

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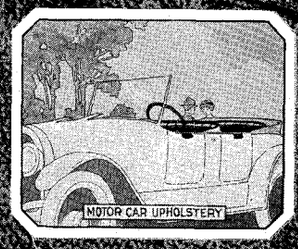

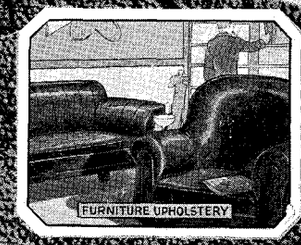

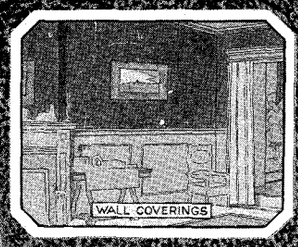

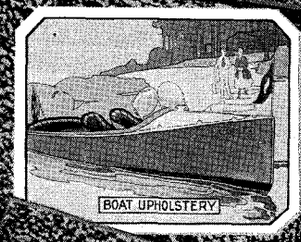

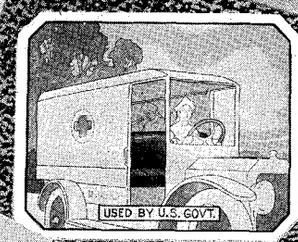

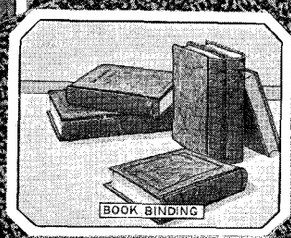

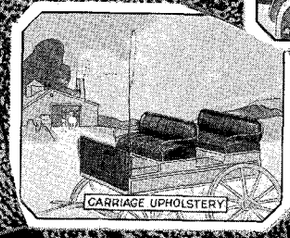

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The Outlook

Published Weekly

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

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A MEDAL HONORING THE ALLIES AND COMMEMORATING THE ENTRANCE OF AMERICA INTO THE WAR

This medal is issued to its contributors by the American Fund for French Wounded. That organization's fine philanthropy is sending supplies to over 3,000 hospitals in France. Originally the medal bore only the design seen on the left; with the entrance of America into the war the design seen at the right was placed on the reverse side. The motto of the obverse, "Do Right and Fear No Man," is from one of George Washington's dress swords. The various symbols of the Allies—the Ship for Great Britain and her Colonies, the Cock for France, the Cross for Italy, the Belgian Lion appealing to England and France, etc.—appear on this side. On the reverse is the shield of the United States, and across its bar is inscribed the date, April 6, 1917, on which the United States joined the Entente Allies and pledged itself to fulfill, with them, the ideal expressed in Lincoln's words, "That Government by the People Shall Not Perish," the words forming the motto. The artist who designed the medal is Mr. Spicer Simson

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 9, 1918
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The Outlook and the Coming Makers of America

A HIGH SCHOOL CLASS IN SOCIAL PROBLEMS

Mr. Vernon L. Mangun, Superintendent of Public Schools in Macomb, Illinois, sends us this picture (Mr. Mangun stands at the extreme right of the photograph) with the following comment:

> **I am sending herewith a picture of my class in Social Problems in which The Outlook is used mainly. [Sixteen pupils, it will be seen, are using The Outlook.] It will be noticed in the picture that each of the pupils has affixed a one-cent stamp so that the magazine will reach the soldiers. This class is in the junior-senior high school.**

The above photograph and letter form an interesting illustration of a widespread and growing friendship between The Outlook and students and teachers of schools in all parts of the country.

The high school boys and girls of to-day will be to-morrow the makers of Presidents, Governors, and Public Opinion. Even a greater responsibility will be theirs, for in the new National relationships after the Great War they will have a large share in making International Law.

Are there young people in your family or in your circle of friends? Do you want them to take an intelligent interest in current events and problems of the life of the world?

Can they have a better helper in developing such an interest than The Outlook?

It gives the important news from authoritative sources in readable form "with clear, forceful, and well-digested comments on the affairs of the world at this crucial time," to quote the words of a Chicago man of affairs in a recent letter renewing his subscription.

THE OUTLOOK

381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY JOURNAL OF CURRENT LIFE

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The Outlook School Bureau

announces that it is prepared to give information concerning all types of schools, viz., preparatory schools, colleges and academies, schools for music, art and the drama, vocational schools, correspondence schools, special schools, etc.—and this information is furnished gratis to our readers.

We cannot over-emphasize the importance of selecting the *right* school for your boy or girl, and a great deal of time and careful thought should be given to a perusal of school catalogues and other data relative to the schools you are especially interested in before making a definite decision.

Wherever possible a representative of The Outlook, who is in charge of this work, has made a survey of the schools, and will thus give you the benefit of these personal visits.

If you will let us know the type of school you are interested in, the age and sex of your child, and any other data which you think will aid us in making our suggestions, we will gladly see that complete information and literature are sent you.

SCHOOL BUREAU

The Outlook Company

381 Fourth Avenue, New York

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THEY will read *something*. It may be injurious or merely trashy or entertaining. It depends upon *you* to see that your children get the kind of reading that creates ideals and stimulates *character*. Character is determined at an early age—the youthful mind is sensitive and receptive to impressions and impulses—both the right and the wrong kind.

The greatest help to the parents and the most potent factor in the building of child-character is ORGANIZED good reading. What the child reads, or what is read to him, instills in him those thoughts and impulses that become *character*.

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It is a tremendous power which *you* wield over the future. It is a golden opportunity that exists but a short time and then passes by forever. You have the power to train and develop such moral and mental attributes into the character of your child as you choose. Are you using it?

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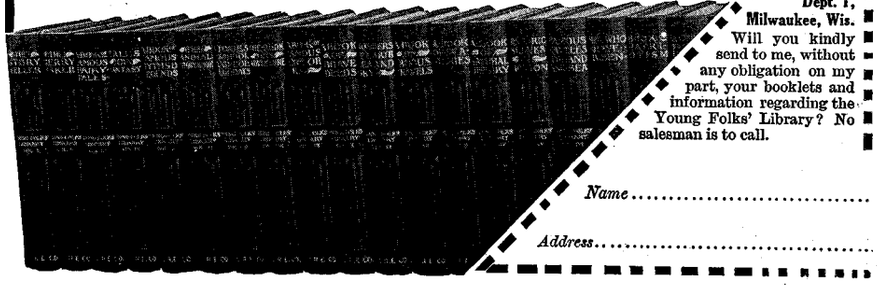

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